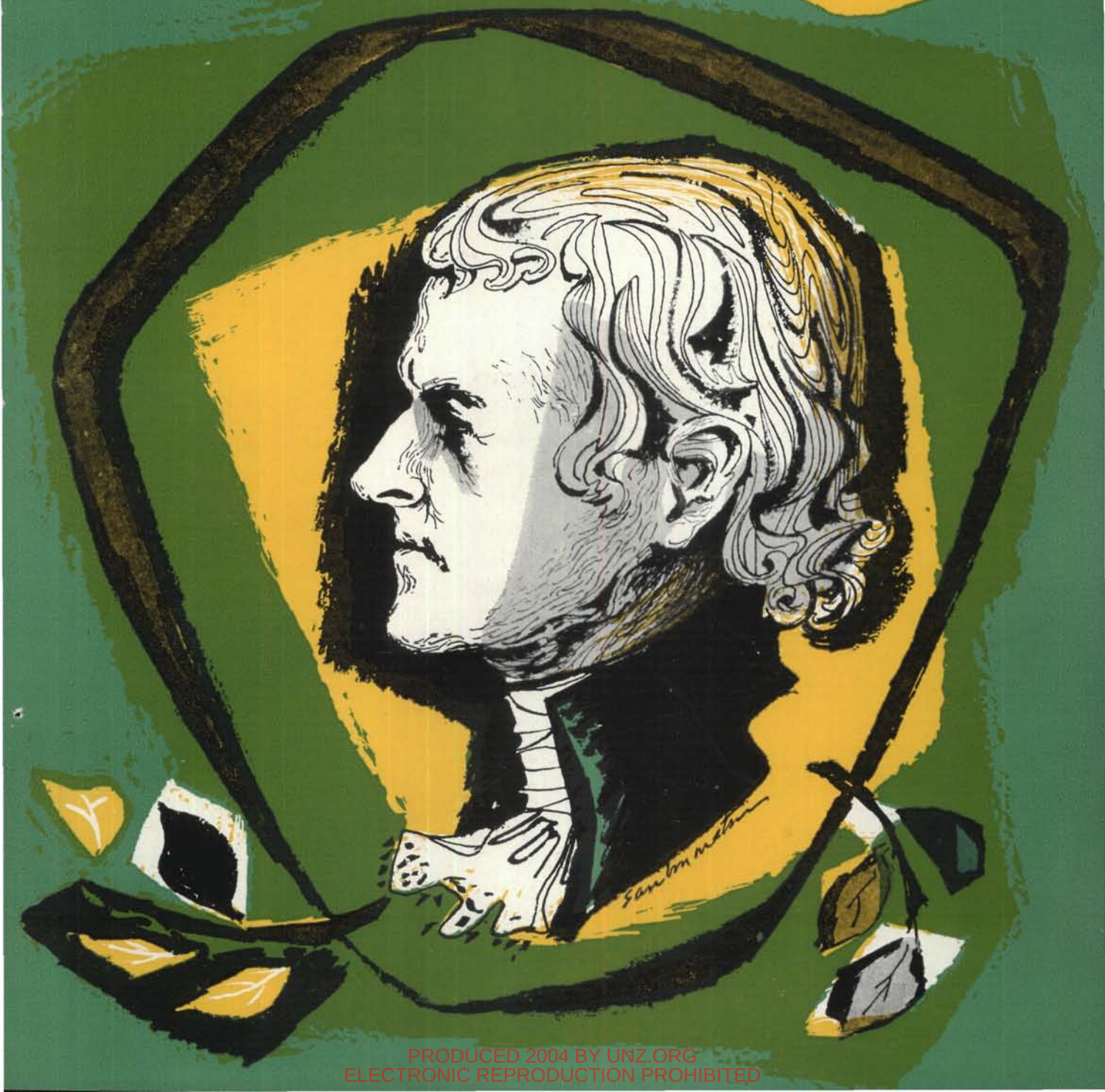
The Power of the President

The Reporter

May 27, 1952 25c

Mr. Jefferson Faces Congress
(Page 23)



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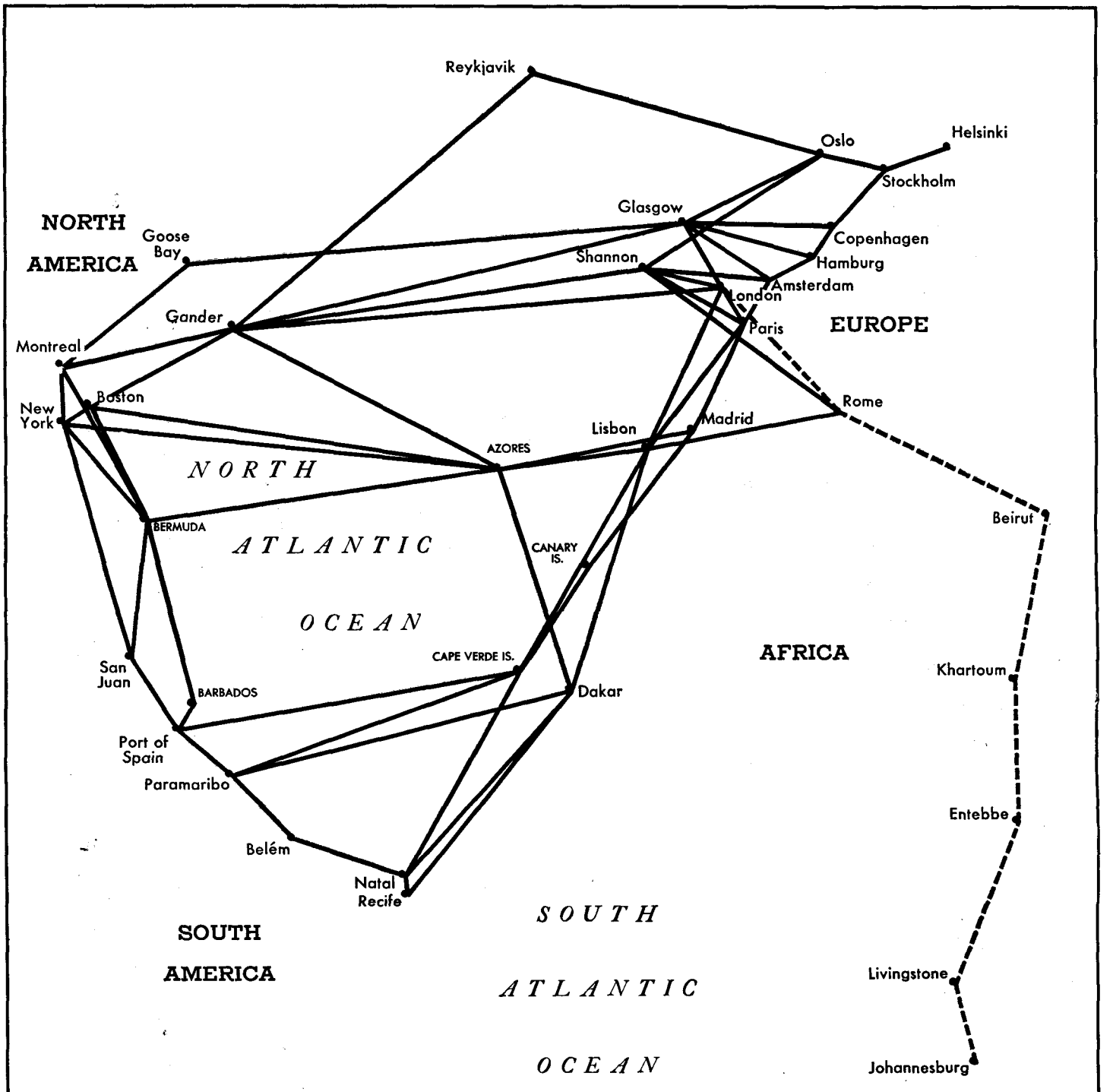

Atlantic Air Routes

(see page 17)

Sfarsworth

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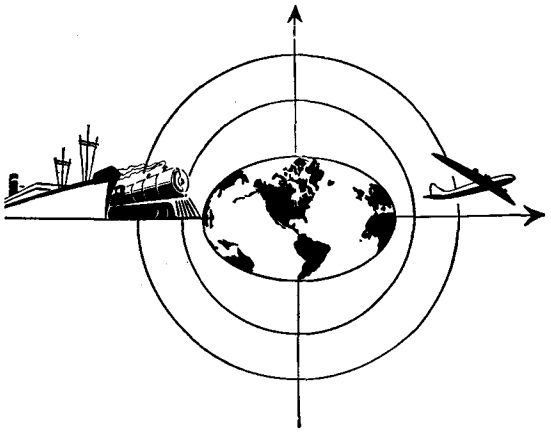

The Reporter's Notes

Formosa?

In our recent issues featuring articles on the China Lobby, we considered only the Lobby's activities in this country and its effort, as we believe, to distort the recent history of Chinese-American relations. We did not present our views on what American policy, in the American interest, should be toward the government-in-exile on Formosa. Our view on Formosa—which we emphatically believe should not be allowed to fall into the clutches of Communist tyranny—was expressed at length in our issues of February 6 and June 12, 1951. We take the liberty of quoting ourselves:

"To the Chinese Communists and Communists all over the world, to the Chinese Nationalists and their passionate advocates in the United States, to Asian nationalists, and to our European allies, Formosa has become the symbol of clashing ambitions and fears. The reality behind the symbol is the people of Formosa. We do not hear much about them: They seem merely accessories to the contested land.

". . . the six and a half million native Formosans reached a far higher level of economic development, literacy, and general well-being during the fifty years of Japanese occupation than their Chinese brethren on the mainland. They already know how hard a price people sometimes pay for the fulfillment of high-sounding political principles: In 1947, not even two years after their long-awaited 'reunion with the mother country,' Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers wantonly murdered thousands upon thousands of them.

"The Cairo Declaration, whether invoked by Chiang or Mao, does not compel us to carry civil war or its bloody aftermath into Formosa. We cannot, even by acquiescence, become the purveyors of wreckage and anguish to a peaceful people. In this ghastly conflict with international Communism, we have to establish sometime, somewhere, the principle that governments and ideologies are made for men. Because of the location of their land, we failed the Koreans. We cannot fail the islanders of Formosa."

And:

"It's terribly intricate—this business of assisting foreign peoples whom we want to defend from Communism, but whose internal government is quite different from our own. . . . But there are some hard basic criteria to judge by. Mainly two.

"First: To be effective, American assistance can never be unconditional. American representatives must keep a close eye on how the money given to foreign countries is being spent. Any evidence of a local pork barrel is a sure sign that the money is subsidizing parasites and, ultimately, enemies of the American people.

"Second: A country whose government is not removable and cannot be modified or influenced by the citizens it represents is an extraordinarily poor risk—almost, one would say, a certainty of total loss. If a government, no matter how inefficient or corrupt, is removable, there is always a chance for improvement. If it is irremovable, we can be sure that American assistance will be monopolistically used, for their own benefit, by those who hold the monopoly of power.

"Now only Formosa is left of non-Communist China. We submit that if the help given to the Nationalist Government is carefully watched, if the people of Formosa are given a chance to pass judgment on their rulers or to elect new ones if they so please, the unfortunate people on the Chinese mainland may glimpse a future in which they will not have to choose between old and new tyrannies.

"Free institutions on Formosa, we think, could be a far more effective weapon against Communist China than any number of commando raids by Kuomintang soldiers, ferried across, clothed, fed, armed, and shielded by the American government."

The Civil War

As for our view of the Chinese civil war, we quote from an article called "The Chinese Communists" by A.D.C. Peterson in the April, 1952, issue of the *Marine Corps Gazette*:

"Why did Chiang lose the war just when everything looked as if he might win it? Most observers agree that the first cause was the collapse of the Nationalist regime rather than anything miraculous in the Communists. At first China welcomed Chiang back with open arms, but it very soon found that since 1930 the Nationalist Party had gone rapidly downhill. Things that shocked all believers in Sun Yat-Sen's new China were the immense fortunes acquired by the Nationalist leaders—including particularly the 'Four Families' who reappeared constantly as ministers in every government; the corruption which spread down through all Army and official life and ended with unpaid soldiers and equipment sold on the black market; and the persecution of any opposition, however moderate . . ."

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE CHINA LOBBY (Cont'd)

To the Editor: So now it's becoming un-American to believe in the cause of Free China as against that of the murderous Chinese Reds.

So now it's a little-known exporter named Alfred Kohlberg who's a menace to society, and not the lying traitor, Alger Hiss.

So now it's quite proper to publish the confidential cables of a friendly power, stolen somehow by friends of Communists.

I'm referring to your inane series on the so-called China Lobby, which can only be construed as a frantic effort to whip up hysteria against Chiang Kai-shek in behalf of the Red murderers.

Pray tell me, when did Chiang ever kill an American boy in Korea? Or anywhere else, for that matter?

Yes, I agree with you that an investigation should be launched by Congress into the so-called China Lobby. But how about an investigation of the pro-Chinese Red lobby? Specifically, how did you manage to obtain those purloined Chinese cables? Did you steal them? Or did you have someone else steal them?

It's ironical that the same day I read your concluding article, I also read a piece in *Commentary*, published by the American Jewish Committee, which has this to say:

"Indeed, if there was such a thing as a China Lobby, its activities were significantly weak. During the war it was the least effective of the 'lobbies' of all our allies, for it was unable to get even a fraction of the supply needs for the Chinese armies, which rotted up to the winter of 1944-45. It was unable to raise an effective voice against the notion of an American-sponsored coalition between the Chinese Communists and the Chinese government.

"The Chinese Lobby, it would seem, does not deserve serious historical attention as a fact. It is a slogan that can be used—as, alas, so many slogans have been used before. . . ."

Oh, what's the use. Read the article yourself.

VICTOR LASKY
New York City

IN HIS first sentence, Mr. Lasky offers, with his "as against," a wonderful example of the China Lobby's polemic bullying: You criticize Chiang; therefore you are for Mao. Then he calls Alfred Kohlberg "a little-known exporter," which is neither fair nor correct. Mr. Kohlberg has had a lot of publicity, and not only in our pages.

On the question of the "purloined cables," Mr. Lasky seems to adopt the viewpoint of the Chinese Nationalists—with a vengeance. But in its answer to Senator Morse after the cables were published in the *Congressional Record* and in its press release on *The Reporter* articles, the Chinese Embassy did not accuse the Senator or ourselves of stealing the cables.

There is one point, however, where we are inclined to agree with Mr. Lasky. He finds it "ironical" that *Commentary*, the monthly of the American Jewish Committee, carried an article on the China Lobby at about the same time we published our story. Actually *Commentary's* article came out before we published most of the cables. Mr. Lasky fails to quote what the *Commentary* article had to say on the matter of the "purloined cables": "Mention of the China Lobby . . . also makes it possible to retail diplomatic chitchat, to peddle selected and perhaps stolen Embassy messages, and even to announce the breaking of the Chinese code."

This was exactly the viewpoint of the Chinese Embassy on the cables before they were published by *The Reporter* and by Senator Morse. It is indeed ironical that *Commentary* got stuck with the Chinese Embassy prepublication view on this matter—THE EDITORS

To the Editor: Congratulations on your "China Lobby" articles. You have managed to extend the principle of "guilt by association" to hitherto undreamed-of lengths. Poor Senator McCarthy thought it necessary to show that his "victims" had been members of Communist fronts, or identified as Communists or Soviet agents by sworn witnesses. But you have shown yourselves free of such bourgeois scruples. To you, anyone who opposed the powerful Red China "lobby" (which for so many years enjoyed a quasi-monopoly in the book-reviewing field, in the Institute of Pacific Relations, magazines of national circulation, and on the radio) is *ipso facto* a sinister agent or dupe of the Chinese National government. The fact that the Chinese National government, like most other governments, employed a few Americans as lawyers or public-relations counsel, renders suspect anyone and everyone who sought to change the self-defeating American policy which delivered China to the Communists and led to the Korean War. Not only this. You have created a new principle, namely, guilt through employment. Because I have reviewed books for the National Economic Council, you describe me as "employed by Merwin K. Hart," and also include me among the "professional rightists" without any regard for my record or the contents of my writings. This extension of the principle of guilt by association—or innocence by association, depending on the point of view—opens up fascinating possibilities. Since Owen Lattimore, Edgar Snow, and other friends of the Chinese Communists frequently reviewed books for the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*, they must have been "employees" of these newspapers. And since your new principle must work both ways, involving the employer in the "guilt" of his "employee" as well as vice versa, Mr. Sulzberger and Mrs. Ogden Reid must be held as "guilty" of Communist sympathies as Owen Lattimore *et al.* Really, the chain is endless. What of the cleaning woman who works for a newspaper which paid a reviewer who favored the Communist or the anti-Communist cause? Is she guilty or innocent?

Finally, one would be interested to know whether *The Reporter* would have devoted two issues to an attempt to give substance to Owen Lattimore's and E. C. Carter's mythical concept of a "China Lobby" if the Chinese National government had had the wisdom, and the financial means, to emulate the Soviet and Polish Communist governments by employing Dean Acheson or his law firm to represent it in the United States. It will be remembered that as early as 1933 Dean Acheson was paid by the Soviet government to represent it, and that as late as 1946 his law firm succeeded in gaining a loan from the Export-Import Bank for the Communist government of Poland over the protests of our ambassador there, Arthur Bliss Lane. Of course, Dean Acheson ceased to be a member of the firm after he became Secretary of State, and please don't imagine that I accept your wide application of the principle of guilt by association. I am only pointing out its implications.

Of course, all good liberals hate blacklegs, and all monopolists resent competition. So one can understand your dislike of the many Americans of all political persuasions, from Alfred Kohlberg to the *New Leader* editors, who have striven so hard without payment, and in many cases at great personal sacrifice, to save America and what is left of the free world by advocating aid to the Chinese National government-in-exile on Formosa and to the resistance movement on the Chinese mainland. One could wish that the *New Leader's* objective and authoritative supplement of March 31, on "Lattimore and the IPR" by Harold L. Walker of Yale University, could have enjoyed the same financial support and consequent wide publicity as *The Reporter's* anti-anti-Communist viewpoint.

For whatever its sins of commission and omission, Chiang Kai-shek's government was a loyal ally, and certainly not totalitarian. Not only did it reject all Japanese peace offers, however advantageous, at the time when Soviet Russia was blackmailing us by threatening to make peace with Hitler. In

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1946, after General Marshall had placed an embargo on all arms and ammunition exports to China, Chiang Kai-shek refused Stalin's offer of support and alliance on condition that Nationalist China join hands with him against us. The full and documented proof is given in my book *The China Story*, which I must thank you for having mentioned as having been recommended by General MacArthur.

FREDA UTLEY
Washington

MISS UTLEY, like Mr. Lasky, is true to type, with Mr. Acheson's law firm thrown in. As soon as we received her letter, we called the New York office of the National Economic Council and asked whether Miss Utley was working there. "No," they said. "She is working in our Washington office."

As far as we are concerned, that's all there is to it.—THE EDITORS

To the Editor: I have read the articles in *The Reporter* exposing the China Lobby. It's what many of us have been suspecting for a long time. T. V. Soong and all connected with it should be rounded up and deported. Those Senators and Congressmen who have aided the Lobby's campaign to smear our Secretary of State with the Red brush should all be defeated by the voters.

MELBOURNE SHARPLES
Colfax, Illinois

To the Editor: I congratulate you on bringing together the various pieces of as sordid and venal an episode as ever disgraced American history. While fragments of it had appeared previously, this is the first time it has been set down in ordered form. The pity is that many will brand your exposé as disloyal and subversive, which is to be expected.

CLAUDE N. PALMER
Washington

[*More of the many letters, pro and con, that we have received on our China Lobby articles will be published in future issues.*]

POLITICAL SCIENTIST

To the Editor: I discovered your magazine last summer. The first thing that struck me was the design. It is attractive and readable. The drawings are very well done.

The content was right up there too, as I soon found out. I beat the bushes for a back file of your magazine and soon wheedled a last year's set out of another teacher. The articles on the Far East and the MacArthur affair were the sanest kinds of guides I had seen for this muddle. I liked three more things especially: the emphasis on Congress and individual lawmakers; the European viewpoint; the book reviews. Yours was a fresh outlook. I had to subscribe to this magazine, and did so last September.

I want you to know that my trust was not misplaced. *The Reporter* has been a godsend to me in my work as teacher of political science and history.

T. H. CLANCY, S. J.
Spring Hill College
Mobile County, Alabama

SPIRITUAL MOBILIZATION

To the Editor: Reinhold Niebuhr has rightly acquired such stature as a theologian that whenever he speaks on other matters he is listened to with respect. His article "The Protestant Clergy and U.S. Politics" (*The Reporter*, February 19) will, therefore, carry weight merely because he wrote it. On this account it is important that several errors of fact be corrected.

Dr. Niebuhr had some unkind things to say about the organization with which I am associated, Spiritual Mobilization. He is more concerned to rebuke our sins than to rebut our errors. This mode of conducting a controversy has its place, I suppose, but while it may make the critic expansive it does not serve to advance understanding. Dr. Niebuhr does not touch our case or make any effort to deal with its intellectual foundation or the reasons which make it seem persuasive to us and many others. We are criticized on the ground that our material circulates widely among the clergy, so that our case is nothing if not available. But apparently Dr. Niebuhr does not think it needful to know our case to dispose of it; all he needs to do is to prove our guilt by associating us, falsely, with the N.A.M. He argues that everybody knows how wicked that organization is; therefore, we are wicked too.

Dr. Niebuhr intends to do something about the class struggle, and he has made a choice of weapons. Twenty years ago he said: "Contending factions in a social struggle require morale; and morale is created by the right dogmas, symbols and emotionally potent oversimplifications." (*Moral Man and Immoral Society*, xv). So, one gathers, this article is designed as a morale builder for the one side, leaving the opposition devastated.

It is one thing to adopt this technique as a method; it is another to use it skilfully. If one decides to throw off the impediment of facts, one shouldn't do so in a manner that will expose the contrivance. When Dr. Niebuhr asserts that Spiritual Mobilization "has a political program identical with that of the National Association of Manufacturers," he overlooks two facts. First, we have no "political program," and, secondly, if we did have a "political program" it wouldn't be "identical with that of the National Association of Manufacturers." Dr. Niebuhr is apparently using hearsay evidence, a failing which besets even theologians.

Dr. Niebuhr chides us for pointing out the tendency in statism toward idolatry. May I urge him to turn to an extraordinary book, *Human Nature and Destiny*, Vol. I? There he would read, "The temptation to idolatry is implicit in the state's majesty" (page 209). "Sinful pride and idolatrous pretension are thus an inevitable concomitant of the cohesion of large political groups" (210). "The nation pretends to be God" (212). "The nation is God." Thus Dr. Niebuhr in his own book! His criticism of us is presumably based on one of our pamphlets in which we said in part, "Caesar has bootstrapped himself into a false god. This is not a case of mere dishonesty or corruption in politics; this is a case of corruption in the human spirit. This is idolatry. And of all idolatries, worship of Caesar is the worst because it reduces persons to subjects."

One of the aims of Spiritual Mobilization is to seek to enlarge the understanding of liberty, rather than to promote the concepts of liberty now held by any person or group. The issues in this area relate to the employment of the social apparatus of coercion—government. Our position is that the government's monopoly of force ought to be defensive force only; that any initiation of force or violence against persons—even by government—is ethically wrong and also impractical. The distinction between initiated and repellant force is basic to the educational activities we carry on over the radio, in the pages of our monthly journal *Faith and Freedom*, and by a conference program which brings small groups of men together in various parts of the country for two days of intensive discussion. Dr. Niebuhr has the capacity, if his prejudices did not stand in the way, of dealing with our case on the intellectual plane and giving it the kind of criticism it needs and which we welcome.

One wonders just how "emotionally potent" Dr. Niebuhr's "oversimplifications" are, but, in any event, has he not oversimplified his argument to the vanishing point?

(REV.) EDMUND A. OPITZ
Regional Conference Director
Spiritual Mobilization
Los Angeles

To the Editor: To refute me Reverend Opitz quotes from two of my works. In one of the quotations I call attention to the tendency of nations and states to make themselves absolute, i.e., in religious terms, to be guilty of the sin of idolatry. This is indeed a tendency of all collectives, and it is one which collectivist philosophies do not sufficiently heed. On the other hand, it is the character of the Spiritual Mobilization propaganda to condemn every political control of economic forces as an evidence of this idolatry.

This is to introduce a note of indiscriminate judgment into political questions which require discriminate judgment. It is my contention that religion is so frequently a source of confusion in political life, and so frequently dangerous to democracy, precisely because it introduces absolutes into the realm of relative values. Modern democratic society requires very discriminative judgments on how much and how little economic processes and economic forces ought to be brought under political control. I would, in other words, more strongly condemn what I call in my earlier work "emotionally potent oversimplifications." They seem to me to be of the devil whether they come from the Right or the Left. Spiritual Mobilization and similar movements use religious ideas to make already indiscriminate devotion to unregulated economy even more indiscriminate.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR
New York City

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Assistant Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor*, Robert S. Gerdy
Assistant Managing Editors: Al Newman, William Knapp
Art Editor, Reg Massie
Staff Writers: Robert K. Bingham, Douglass Cater, Richard Donovan, Gouverneur Paulding, Claire Sterling
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THE REPORTER: Published every other Tuesday by Fortnightly Publishing Company, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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Entered as second class matter at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U. S. Possessions: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6; Two years $10; Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new address.

in this issue . . .

Ready as *The Reporter* is to denounce what it considers wrong, it is happy to point out something right. The article by Theodore White on page 17 describes in detail how an efficient international network spans the continents and makes transoceanic flight a safe, everyday affair.

On the Chinese problem, we are far from being desperate, as "The Reporter's Notes" point out, for we believe not only that the Communists can be kept out of Formosa, but that it can be made a showcase of freedom in the Far East.

The first articles in this issue are centered on the Presidency. The steel crisis has highlighted a conflict between the executive and the legislative branches that now is to be settled by the Constitutional referee, the judiciary. *The Reporter's* editorial position will be found in the next issue.

Wayne Morse, junior Senator from Oregon and a former professor of law at the University of Oregon, was a member of the National War Labor Board from 1942 to 1944. . . . **William H. Hessler** is a columnist for the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. . . . **Gerald W. Johnson** wrote *The American People*. . . . **Saul K. Padover,** writer and historian, lectures at the New School. . . . **V. S. Pritchett's** novel, *Mr. Beluncle*, was published in this country last year; his article on Spain was published in Britain in the *Listener*. . . . **William Costello,** former Far East News Director for the Columbia Broadcasting System, now broadcasts from Washington. . . . **Hans Landsberg** is a Washington economist who writes frequently for this magazine. . . . **Dwight Macdonald** is a free-lance writer whose work has appeared in the *New Yorker*. . . . **Peter Viereck,** who writes both poetry (*Terror and Decorum*) and political essays (*Conservatism Revisited*), teaches at Mount Holyoke College. . . . Cover by **San Bon Matsu.**

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The Power Of the President

DOUGLASS CATER

It is paradoxical that during his last months as President, Harry Truman should be faced with attempted impeachment on the ground of usurping authority that is not his under the Constitution. For the better part of his seven years in office, Truman's hardest fight has been to resist attempted usurpations of his own clear authority—a fight in which he has achieved at best a draw.

It is hard to pin the label of despot on Truman, harder by all odds than it was before the Jackson Day dinner of March 31, when he withdrew from the 1952 Presidential race. The semi-autobiographical volume *Mr. President* also absolves him of any tendency toward an attitude of *"L'état, c'est moi."* Indeed, a better title for the book might have been *The Presidency and I,* for it shows the objectivity with which Mr. Truman views his high office. Franklin D. Roosevelt wore the Presidential mantle with the unself-conscious grace of the born ruler; Truman is acutely conscious of wearing it.

Critics claim that this indicates that Truman has been baffled by a job that is far too big for him. It is an old American tradition to accuse a President of despotism and inadequacy in the same breath. But unbiased visitors to the President's office report that concern rather than bafflement is the proper word to describe his attitude toward the Presidency—concern about the tremendous responsibility that today rests on the President alone, and also about the authority that he must exercise to meet that responsibility.

It is extraordinarily difficult to sum up the President's responsibilities. A political Cook's tour of Washington can give only the faintest inkling of what the job is and how it has grown. There, says the guide, at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, lives the President of the United States, who receives between 12,000 and 100,000 letters weekly, signs his name 600 times a day, approves or vetoes laws, runs the government, commands more than 3.5 million troops, two thousand ships, 120 air wings, and a goodly number of atomic bombs, inspects floods, takes long walks, and receives kings and princesses.

The voice of the guide grows confidential: The President also sees a lot of politicians and writes scorching letters in his own hand.

King or Fireman?

Theodore Roosevelt once described the President as "almost . . . a king and prime minister rolled into one." Political scientists like to break him down into components, such as Chief Executive, political leader of his party, ceremonial head of state, commander in chief; but these terms, each involving a staggering complexity of functions, hardly clarify the job for a layman.

A White House assistant has said that the President is a fireman who must dash furiously about putting out blazes with a hose that won't quite reach. Mr. Truman himself likens the President to a "super public relations man." He has remarked, "I often say that I sit here at the President's desk talking to people and kissing them on both cheeks trying to get them to do what they ought to do without getting kissed."

There is awe in Mr. Truman's description of the job as "almost fantastic . . . no absolute monarch has ever had such decisions to make or the responsibility . . ." But the awe is tempered with confidence. "When I became President," he told William Hillman, his collaborator on *Mr. President,* "I decided that the administrative side of the executive branch . . . should be so organized that not only would it function as well as possible at the present but that it would work efficiently for the future no matter who was at the head of the government."

Here, perhaps, is a note of irony. Franklin Roosevelt, who seemed almost casually to juggle his authority against his responsibilities, managed to keep them in some sort of balance; Harry Truman, who has struggled to restore order to the office not only for himself but for his successors as well, has been accused of allowing his Administration to become increasingly chaotic.

Compare the two. Mr. Roosevelt had a knack for operation but seldom bothered to follow his own administrative charts. He was inclined to think of men rather than jobs or titles. At one time, for example, he might assign three different men to handle the same project. When reproached for encouraging conflicts, Mr. Roosevelt was penitent but never chastened.

Secretary of War Henry Stimson, while praising the President as commander in chief, could confide to his diary, "[He] is the poorest administrator I have ever worked under in respect to the orderly procedure and routine of his performance. He is not a good chooser of men and he does not know how to use them in co-ordination."

After F.D.R., a Deluge

Of late, however, even the most orthodox administrators have come to pay grudging tribute to Mr. Roosevelt's way of running things. In spite of, or possibly because of, slipshod organization, Roosevelt was able to hang onto a substantial portion of the real decision-making power. He may have

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wasted men's talents, but he won a war.

When Mr. Truman became President, he had a hard time even finding anyone who could brief him on Roosevelt's operations. In many cases, vital information on the highest policy matters was missing from the files. Roosevelt had simply carried it in his head.

Partly as a reaction, partly due to his instinct for well-defined work habits, Truman set about putting order into the Presidency at a time when the government was running into one bewildering new responsibility after another. Like any good executive, Mr. Truman has emphasized three essentials of management: systematic reporting, coordination, and clear delegation of responsibility. He has, for example, given his Secretary of State far greater responsibility than Roosevelt gave his, and has backed him up all the way; yet, as the success of the Truman-Acheson relationship and the failure of that between Mr. Truman and Secretary Byrnes indicates, the Cabinet officer must still pay proper attention to Presidential authority.

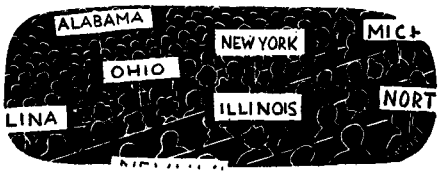
The greatest changes have taken place in the Executive Office proper, where a group of agencies have been created to put muscle on the President's staff arm. There is the National Security Council to advise him on top policy; the National Security Resources Board for studying mobilization problems; the Council of Economic Advisers to advise him on the nation's economy. On an emergency basis, there is the Director for Mutual Security to coordinate the foreign-aid program; the Office of Defense Mobilization to administer the mobilization program; and the Psychological Strategy Board to help the President set America's propaganda objectives.

Bright Young Men

Besides this, President Truman has increased the size of his personal staff, especially in the category of youthful administrative assistants, who carry a large part of the White House work load. Before Congress granted funds for this in 1947, the President had been obliged to borrow extra helpers from the outside agencies.

Mr. Truman has not only built a vast new executive apparatus; he has made an honest effort to use it as the heart of his Administration. He attends the meetings of the National Security Council and studies the reports submitted by its senior staff. He consults regularly with the chairman of the National Security Resources Board, along with others in the Executive Office more directly involved in government operations. In fact, Truman tries conscientiously to do just about everything that any corporation president might be expected to do to keep his finger on things.

The superficial order that Mr. Truman has imposed on the administrative side of his job has revealed more clearly the deeper disorder that is attributable



to the system and not to the man. In a government of checks and balances, there is wide difference of opinion as to the line at which the Presidential authority stops. As he has taken on crushing new responsibilities, the President has had to face intense competition for the authority he must exercise.

Most obvious is the competition from Congress, which has in the past often staked claims in the Presidential preserves. When government grew from the nation's policeman to its biggest business, this natural conflict was bound to grow more serious. Congress has powerful weapons: provisos in legislation specifying how programs are to be administered; time limits for their termination; and investigative committees to monitor them. The unwanted and usually irrelevant rider on an appropriations bill is an unbeatable method of getting around the Presidential veto of legislation that would damage his program. Mr. Truman must, for instance, overlook the Byrd Amendment, which arbitrarily cuts away the government's information offices, and the Jensen Amendment, which prohibits agencies from filling more than twenty-five per cent of their vacancies until personnel has been slashed to a number ten or fifteen per cent below that authorized by Congress. The Miller-Tydings Act, which effectively eliminated retail price competition in name-brand goods, was slipped past Mr. Roosevelt as a rider to the District of Columbia Appropriations Bill in 1937.

This undue encroachment on the executive deepens the natural conflict between the President and Congress. The President, usually motivated by his view of the long-run national interest, fights to maintain the integrity of his program. Varying alignments in Congress, frequently motivated by sectional or group interests, fight to reduce or expand parts of the President's program. It happens at times that Congress hands the President a program and then cripples his means of carrying it out. Last year, the Kem Amendment, which was sneaked into an appropriations bill, threatened for a time to destroy the entire foreign-aid program.

The President is poorly armed to fight back. Thirty-nine state governors have power to veto specific items in appropriations bills. The President cannot. His traditional method of influencing Congress—patronage—has lost most of its usefulness. With the growth of government into a gigantic operation involving millions of people and billions of dollars, patronage has become an oppressive added burden on the President. A Senator expects to be "consulted" on it, feels no gratitude, and can cause real trouble if he is ignored. Mr. Truman almost gleefully used the occasion of the corruption scandals to extend civil service to collectors of Internal Revenue. As an added act of defiance, he has set up a plan to remove U.S. marshals, collectors and controllers of Customs, and postmasters from the ranks of patronage.

The Presidential stick has come to have as little value as the carrot. Instead there has been a growing unruliness from the baronial estates on Capitol Hill squired by men like Senator Pat McCarran, who represent a few people and many interests, and who have acquired vast power through seniority. They can do infinitely more to hurt the President than he can to them. During the steel crisis, for example, the President has had no Attorney General because McCarran refused to start Judiciary Committee hearings to confirm the nomination of Judge James P. McGranery.

Mr. Truman, like most Presidents, tends to lay the main cause of his troubles at the door of Congress. But another source of competition lies within the great bureaucracy for which he is held accountable. Perhaps no President can admit openly how

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serious that challenge really is. But a White House assistant commented not long ago, "The President probably has more influence on the Congressional schedule, even in a hostile Congress, than he has in making sure his policies are put into effect the way he wants them."

He must try to assert his power over the vast Departments, like Interior, Commerce, and Agriculture, which owe more allegiance to the groups of citizens they serve than to him; the powerful bureaus, like the Forestry Service, the Corps of Engineers, and the Bureau of Reclamation, which owe scant allegiance to him or the heads of their own departments; and the independent regulatory commissions, like the Federal Power Commission and the Federal Communications Commission, which are quasi-judicial and quasi-administrative and owe him no allegiance whatsoever, but which can cause genuine trouble to his program.

Today, the President has a greater need to discipline the bureaucracy than ever in the past. Through his Bureau of the Budget, which has steadily gained importance since it was transferred to the Executive Office in 1939, he must try to strike a balance between the competitive demands of the agencies. This often brings him into direct conflict with bureaucratic chieftains whom he only vaguely controls. He must help those agencies, such as the State Department, that have no independent strength in dealing with Congress, and restrain those whose Congressional strength frequently exceeds his own. On April 17, President Truman discussed plans to transfer flood control from the Army Engineers to the Interior Department; on April 24, he said that he had changed his mind. Behind that switch lay a battery of unspoken pressures—alignments of pressure group, government agency, and Congressional committee—before which a mere President was helpless.

Palace Intrigue

In a different sense, the President must compete with the bureaucracy that he has superimposed upon the bureaucracy. Today, the members of his Executive Office number almost 1,500. Crowded into the old building next door to the White House that once housed the Departments of State, War, and Navy, they constitute a managerial problem of some magnitude. Recently, for example, the President was called upon to decide a dispute over office space. No one else in the chain of command could make such a decision.

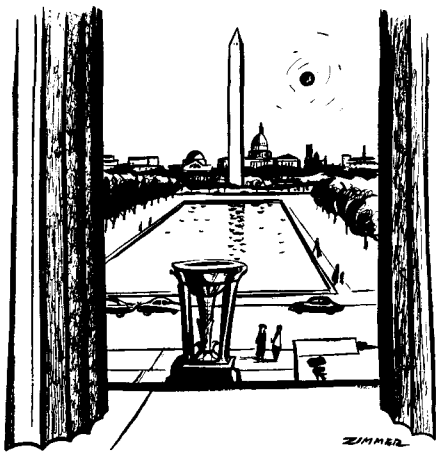
The Executive Office represents a professional service that the growing complexity of government and the stepped-up competition from Congress have forced the President to rely on more and more. There is no man, for instance, whom the President depends on more than the Director of the Bureau of the Budget. Beginning each fall, the two meet several times a week to go over each detail of the proposed budget that will be sent to Congress in January. The Budget Bureau examines each piece of legislation, prospective or passed, to decide whether it is in accord with the President's program, and has even ventured into the area of future legislative planning—a service badly needed by the President. At its best, the Bureau is a highly valuable shield, warding off assaults both political and bureaucratic.

At the same time, this infiltration of the career service into the most sensitive areas of politics carries a threat to the President. He runs the risk of becoming exclusively a supervisor instead of an initiator. The advisory boards which the President has set up also have their drawbacks. Some argue that the National Security Council, for example, produces more watered-down compromises among department heads than it does vigorous top policy.

The President must resist being overwhelmed by the confusion of the committees, their agenda and minutes—"the flora and fauna of institutionalism."

An interesting conclusion was reached by Louis Brownlow, a veteran journalist and chairman of President Roosevelt's Committee on Administrative Management, in his book, *The President and the Presidency*: "During the forty-odd years of my looking over the White House fence I have heard every one of its occupants denounced as a despot—even Taft, even Harding, even Coolidge. But . . . in retrospect it is clear that no one of our thirty-two Presidents has even attempted to become a dictator, no one of them has been tainted with Caesarism; all have served in their own way to the best of their hearts and minds the people." Brownlow argues that the President must be allowed to have authority commensurate with his responsibility—that he must be freed of "petty usurpations." He quotes James Fenimore Cooper, who wrote in 1838:

"As a rule there is far more danger that the President of the United States will render the office less efficient than was intended, than that he will exercise an authority dangerous to the liberties of the country."



To Sleep—Perhaps

Perhaps there is no way to define the job of being President. He is bureaucrat, statesman, politician, executive, king and prime minister, and public-relations man rolled into one. He must be generalissimo of the armed forces in a period when there is no such clear-cut goal as total victory to aim at. Day in, day out, he must make big and little decisions with machinelike regularity. And then he must be able to lie down at night and sleep.

He must have the liveliness of a born fighter who can take body blows without flinching. Presidents Roosevelt and Truman have been such fighters. Perhaps that has been Mr. Truman's greatest strength—his resilience.

In spite of the vast new areas over which the President of the United States has responsibility, the danger mentioned by Cooper has increased rather than diminished. For with the added responsibility have come added checks, in the competitive struggle that is part and parcel of our Constitutional system. Of course, there must be checks on the President's power. But can he retain sufficient flexibility to operate as an independent, creative force? This is the foremost challenge that faces the next President.

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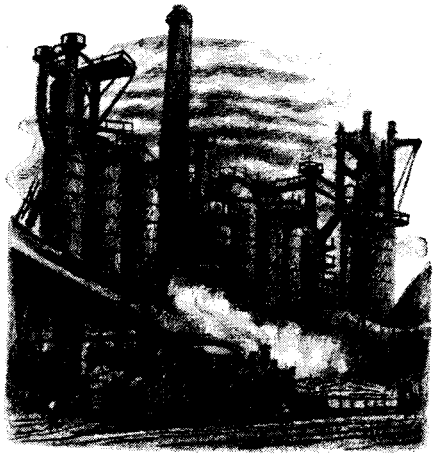


Senator Morse On Steel and Seizure

WAYNE MORSE

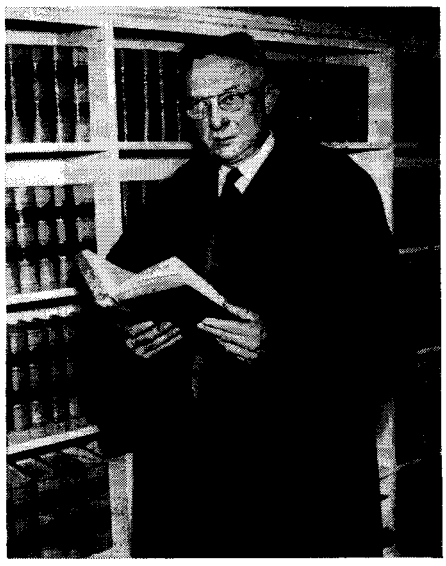
FOR THE FIRST time in our history, a Federal court has ruled that a President does not have inherent power in time of crisis to act without the authorization of Congress. On April 29 Judge David A. Pine of the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia held that President Truman's seizure of the steel industry was beyond his legal powers.

It is still my view that the President must have broader powers than Judge Pine would grant him if the Constitution is to remain adaptable to changing conditions. In emergencies the President must protect American citizens until Congress gets around to doing something. But the Federal court's decision is now the law and it should be carried out to the letter. The United States Supreme Court has agreed to review this all-important question—the real meaning of executive power and commander-in-chief power.

In the great controversy after the President seized the steel mills on the night of April 8, two fairly distinct debates raged simultaneously on the floor of Congress. One was economic, the other Constitutional. The first concerned itself with the merits of the recommendations of the wage-and-price-stabilization agencies—approval of the wage increases demanded by the United Steel Workers of America, CIO; denial to steel management of price increases in excess of amounts authorized by the Capehart Amendment to the Defense Production Act of 1950; and finally the imposition of a union shop. The second debate focused on whether or not the President had the Constitutional right to seize the steel industry in order to prevent loss of steel production.

My own primary concern has been with the Constitutional issue, and I deplore the tendency in Congress to put the whole matter on a purely political plane. On the economic side I accepted, somewhat reluctantly, the Wage Stabilization Board's recommendations (except in the case of the union shop, which I consider something that must be decided on a voluntary basis). I accepted reluctantly because I was aware of the inflationary dangers involved. However, the demands of the steel workers seem to me an inevitable consequence of the wage increases granted to workers in such basic industries as automobiles, meat packing, and shipbuilding. And the fact that steel companies are today making net profits per ton (even after excess-profits taxes) greater than they made during the Second World War convinces me that the industry can absorb the wage increase with a price rise of less than half of the twelve dollars per ton it asked.

As for Presidential seizures, I am generally opposed to such actions, and certainly believe that they should be subject to proper Congressional control. But I approved the seizure order as justifiable and necessary in the present emergency. Indeed, I believe the President would have been derelict in his duty if he had let the steel mills close. At the same time I have been severely critical of the President's procedure, particularly his delay in entering the dispute and his failure either to consult with or present a program to Congress.



Wide World

Judge David A. Pine

It is my conviction that such disputes, involving major industries and the national defense, are the proper concern of Congress, which ought to create legislative machinery to prevent the periodic chaos of seizure followed by recrimination.

As a Constitutional liberal, I have repeatedly urged my fellow Senators to take legislative action to cover just such emergencies as the present one in the steel industry. This, I feel, would be much more constructive than saying "It's all Truman's fault." It would also be preferable to the negative approach of denying funds for the government's operation of the steel mills.

As I have said in the Senate, a Constitutional liberal seeks not to set up a state economy but to put into legislative practice the human-rights and private-property guarantees of the Constitution. I have not only supported and encouraged this viewpoint in others but have tried to set a good example by introducing two bills of my own—one to amend the Taft-Hartley law so as to eliminate procedure that makes for deeper conflict rather than for settlement of labor-management disputes, the other defining procedures for the immediate return of the steel mills to private operation.

My present reasons for opposing the emergency provisions of the Taft-Hart-

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ley law are the same as they were when I originally criticized these provisions in March, 1950, during that year's coal dispute. They are simply these: The application of the Taft-Hartley law would have closed the steel mills and would not have solved the dispute. Under Title II, which contains the national-emergency procedure, extensive inquiry would have had to precede findings of fact. The Emergency Board would not have been allowed, under the present language of the Act, to make any recommendations to the President, to Congress, or to the American people as to what ought to be done to settle the case.

After the board's findings had been presented, the President, if convinced that an injunction should be issued, would have had to call upon the Attorney General to take the necessary legal action before a Federal judge. Obviously, this judge would have had to look into the facts to decide for himself whether or not to issue an injunction, which would have required another day or more. By this calculation ten days to three weeks would probably have elapsed while the Taft-Hartley law procedure was in its first stages. During that period the steel mills would have been shut down. Thus Taft-Hartley, rather than removing the threat of a strike, would probably have made one inevitable.

After the injunction had been issued, the strikers would have been ordered back to work, even though the dispute remained unsettled. I even seriously question whether under these circumstances there would have been immediate and full production. One cannot ignore the fact that labor has always hated injunctions.

However, assuming there were an injunction, and assuming that production would then go on unhampered for eighty days with the case unsettled, what could be done at the end of the eightieth day? There is not a word in the Taft-Hartley law about that. It is my opinion that after the eightieth day a court would have to find that, in effect, a new dispute existed. Thus, it would be necessary to go through the whole process of applying Taft-Hartley once again. That is not my idea of the way to develop labor relations.

Senate Bill 3169

Judge Pine has said there is no proof that the Taft-Hartley Act would not be effective if tried, or, if it failed, that Congress would neglect to protect the nation. It has always been my contention that it is a Congressional job. What the President should have done, long before the eleventh hour, was to get both sides in his office and attempt to work out an acceptable compromise. When he saw that the chances for a negotiated settlement were not very good, he should have resorted to other measures, such as bringing the powers of Congress to his aid, before resorting to seizure. If it may be said that the President has inherent power to act in such cases, that does not mean that the power is by definition unlimited. If the power is found to exist, the courts must still judge whether the President exercises such power reasonably.

The procedure set forth in my Senate Bill 3169 attempts to avoid the weaknesses of both the Taft-Hartley emergency provision and of Presidential seizure. Its main points are these: When the President finds that a national emergency threatens or exists in a vital industry because of a strike or the danger of a strike, he shall issue a proclamation to that effect. Immediately after this proclamation, he shall appoint an Emergency Board to investigate the dispute, to try to persuade the parties to reach a settlement, and to report its findings *and* recommendations to the President in not more than thirty days.

After making its report, the board shall continue in existence to mediate the dispute, if the parties request its services. The President shall then submit to Congress a full statement of the case together with such recommendations as he may see fit to make. If the strike or lockout occurs or continues after the President's proclamation, he may take to Congress any recommendations he thinks appropriate, including a recommendation that the United States take possession of and operate the business enterprises involved in the dispute. If the President recommends seizure, he shall have authority to take such action unless Congress, by a majority vote within five days, determines against the action or enacts legislation to resolve the dispute and terminate the national emergency. During the period in which the United States possesses the enterprise, the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service and the Emergency Board shall continue to encourage settlement of the dispute.

It is important to note that according to this bill, the government agency or department designated to operate the enterprise must not enter into negotiations with the labor organization or with the employer for a contract to alter wages, hours, or the conditions of employment existing in the industry

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prior to the dispute, except in conformity with the recommendations of the Emergency Board or a concurrent resolution of Congress. This provision, which would keep the disputants in doubt as to the outcome of the final settlement, would thereby encourage them to settle the matter between themselves by collective bargaining. It would eliminate my prime objection to the present Taft-Hartley law, which is that it fails to ensure a fundamental principle of negotiations for settling any labor dispute in which the government has had to intervene: The government must not and cannot force a solution, but it must exert the strongest possible pressure on both parties so that they bargain and agree.

Under the Taft-Hartley law in its present form, counsel for the union or the employer can tell with almost complete certainty just what is going to happen. Under these circumstances, there is less pressure to settle the dispute by collective bargaining in good faith. There is a tendency rather to permit a given dispute to reach the point where a national emergency is created and the law has to be applied. In this proposed bill, however, the lack of negotiating authority in the government agency operating the seized property would be a spur to the disputants to come to an agreement between themselves.

While it is the Emergency Board that would determine wages, hours, and conditions of employment, a Compensation Board is also set up in the bill to decide what constitutes just compensation to the owners. This compensation procedure would prevent either party from assuming that it stood to gain from seizure.

The bill further provides that possession by the government shall end not more than sixty days after the issuance of the report of the Emergency Board unless the period of possession is extended by concurrent resolution of the Congress. It should end as soon as the owners come to an agreement with the representatives of the employees, or when the President finds that continued possession is no longer necessary under the terms of his proclamation. While the enterprise was in government possession, the labor union would be obliged to induce employees not to strike or slow down, and both parties' representatives should continue collective bargaining.

Finally, during the period of the possession of the plants, the government would hold all income received from the operation of the plants in trust for the payment of general operating expenses, for just compensation to the owners, and for reimbursement for expenses incurred by the United States.

My recommendations are based on the premise that no group of workers or employers should place its selfish economic interests above the public welfare to the point of jeopardizing the safety of the American people, that seizure should never be used in this country except as a matter of last resort, and that if we pass a fair seizure law which protects the rights of both workers and employers for the period of government operation, both parties would rise to their patriotic obligations.

Presidential Primaries

Or the Smoke-Filled Room?

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

As it operates in 1952, the Presidential preference primary is a noisy and fascinating but not very effectual tool of the democratic process. In its whimsical and erratic performance it is more like a roulette wheel than a reliable instrumentality of public opinion.

At best, such primaries in the dozen plus states that have them are only a leaven for the convention system that prevails in most states and at the national level. But this year most of the primaries are not even a reliable expression of the real preferences of the voters in those few states, and therefore are hardly a helpful guide to the delegates at the national conventions. President Truman kept nearly all his rivals out and then bowed out himself, leaving the Democratic primaries a hollow shell. General Eisenhower, because of his active duty in Europe, stayed out of most of the Republican primaries, giving them an unreal quality.

Whatever else they establish, by the time the last of them takes place in early June the 1952 primaries will show that a task as serious as the choice of two Presidential nominees ought to be performed with better tools. At bottom, there are just two principles on which any such choice can be made. One is to ask the people of each party whom they want as their nominee. The other is to leave it to political leaders to make their own appraisal and decide whom they think they can persuade the majority of voters to support. This older principle, persisting under a thick encrustation of abuses, remains dominant.

Nominations are made by national

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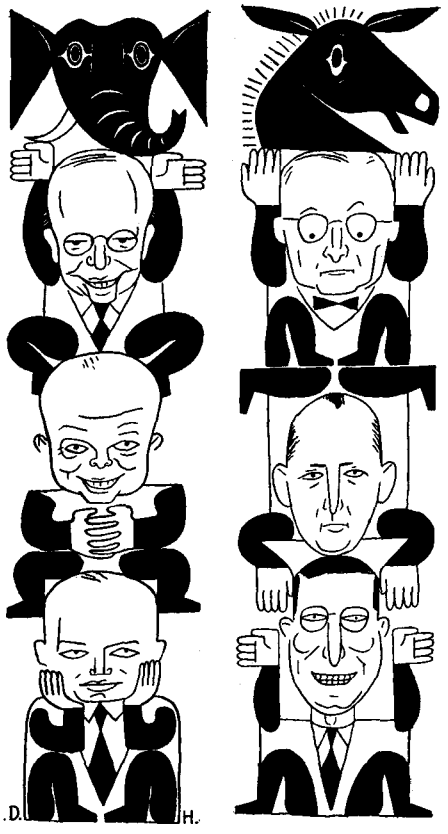

party conventions, at which partisans from the forty-eight states and the territories are present. Well over half of the delegates are chosen by state conventions, which is to say by county politicians. Nearly all the rest—more than one-third—come from states in which the party members have had some chance to indicate their preferences for nominees, even though in most cases these preferences are not binding on delegates.

The Silent Mugwumps

Seventeen of the states now provide for Presidential primaries of some sort. Of these, fifteen can be classed as "preference primaries" giving voters a chance to indicate a choice among known aspirants—or those who happen to be entered. Some states require the consent of the potential candidates; some do not. Some states, like Ohio, limit a Democratic primary to those who are prepared to swear under oath that they are Democrats, and so on. Other states, like Wisconsin, have "open" primaries, in which Democrats who find nothing of interest in "Kefauver unopposed" can cross the street and vote against Taft in the Republican primary—as some did. Some states allow write-ins. Some do not. Some allow them but don't count them. And in some states, to compound confusion, write-ins are counted one way in some towns and counties, another way in others.

There are several other reasons why the guidance given by the preference primaries is scanty and untrustworthy. First, the primary vote is likely to be small. Four years ago in Ohio, it was only forty-four per cent of the vote in the succeeding November election. This means it tends to be dominated by the state party machines—by office-holders and other professional politicians. It means also that the great bulk of independent voters do not vote in primaries. Indeed, it means they cannot vote if they do not wish to be publicly affiliated with either political party. It can be argued that a strong, sound party system requires this exclusion of mugwumps. But it can also be argued that the independent voters of the nation are the ones who actually *are* going to make the decision between two nominees in November, and who should have a voice in the nominating process.

Write-In and Stand-In

Yet another defect of the primaries is that they are scattered through a period of more than three months, interspersed with state conventions. For press, radio, and TV, this is fine. It makes headline news almost every week from March to June. It enables the American people to watch the primaries' roulette wheel spinning for a quarter of a year. But it also means that the political temperatures of sundry states are taken at quite different times, when different candidates are out in front, and in the light of what earlier voters have had to say. The result is to make it virtually impossible to compare and evaluate the judgments of primary voters in those fifteen states.

One of the most serious shortcomings of the primaries is that they almost never include all the major candidates. Two by-products of this lack of bona fide entries are the write-in and the stand-in. Each adds to the burden placed on the unsuspecting voter, and each so complicates the returns as to forbid an honest, accurate evaluation of the outcome.

Minnesota Republicans wanted somebody besides Stassen to vote for, so they wrote in Eisenhower, with various orthographic mutations, about 106,000 times. That was immensely impressive. It testified to a deep-seated popularity. But how *does* one evaluate write-in votes? Is each one worth only a vote? Or because it is much more trouble than a cross-mark, is it worth two regular votes? Or three? Nobody knows. Nebraskans set the high-water mark of popular dissatisfaction with the Presidential primary in its deteriorated form. Two Republican write-in candidates ran ahead of the leading candidate named on the ballot. Two-thirds of those voting wrote in choices rather than put down a mark for any one listed on the ballot.

The stand-in is an even more mischievous device. In many states, it is possible for an unknown attorney who cannot advertise ethically in the newspapers to enter the Presidential primary and then announce himself to be a stand-in for General MacArthur, or General Eisenhower—or even one of the civilians under consideration for the Presidency. Such adventurers get few votes, as a rule. They commonly damage the men they pretend to champion. But they get themselves a world of publicity at nominal cost.

The favorite son is a special variant of the stand-in. For example, former Senator Robert J. Bulkley is named on the ballot as the candidate to whom the regular Democratic slate is pledged in Ohio. He is the favorite son—which means he is the state Democratic machine's gimmick for insuring an uninstructed delegation, although the state law was written to preclude uninstructed delegates.

Riderless Horses

It must be said for the favorite-son formula, however, that if there is a poor choice in a state primary, if the real candidates are not entered, the favorite-son trick is the soundest answer. It leaves the delegates free to use their judgment at the convention. This is especially the case this year in the Democratic Party. In Wisconsin, there were two slates entered for President Truman, not for favorite sons. The President's abrupt withdrawal left them orphans of the storm. Kefauver slaughtered them both.

Because the so-called "popularity contests" frequently have no real bearing on delegate strength, as in Illinois, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, most

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aspirants to the Presidency size up the primaries one by one, and then enter or stay out, as may serve their ends. Harold Stassen, brash and ever hopeful, entered virtually all he could. General Eisenhower, because of his military status, is entered in only three in his own name—New Hampshire, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—although he probably had more to gain by the preference-primary system than anybody else in either party. Yet the biggest single upturn in his political fortunes so far has come in Minnesota, where he was *not* entered.

On the score of entries, however, it is the Democratic Party that provides the *reductio ad absurdum.* Senator Kefauver, already in the White House doghouse, was nearly alone in braving the President's pique. So in most primaries, Estes Kefauver, well mounted, has been racing against a riderless horse. True, Senator Kefauver has one authentic victory—that over President Truman in New Hampshire. But even this, authentic though it was, must be discounted. For it was a victory, not over any of the Tennesseean's rivals, but over a man who turned out not to be a contestant.

Smoke-Filled Rooms

In recapitulation, then, we must suppose that the Presidential primary, as it commonly operates today, is an awkward tool of the popular will, a tricky weapon for the Presidential aspirant, and a wholly untrustworthy barometer of political sentiment.

The obvious alternative to the primary, of course, is the state convention. Michigan Republicans have given us a clear demonstration of the evils that prevail in many of the states without such primaries. The Michigan G.O.P. met in early April, before the Illinois and New Jersey primaries but after the results in several states had boiled the race down to Taft and Eisenhower. Arthur Summerfield, national committeeman, operating as a proper state boss should operate, rounded up Taft and Eisenhower leaders, and rode herd on the remainder of delegates. In a series of conferences in hotel rooms (invariably reported in the press to have been smoke-filled), he persuaded both sides to hold their fire until they could see the whites of the eyes of the other delegates at Chicago. The Michigan boss may have a preference between Taft and Eisenhower. But what he prefers still more is to have a solid, uninstructed delegation at Chicago, one he can deliver more or less intact to the side that makes the best offer. It is not inconceivable that the Taft-Eisenhower race will be so close that Michigan's block of forty-six votes will be a pearl of great price. Such pearls, in the past, sometimes have commanded the Vice Presidency.

The worst evils of the convention system are spread generously on the pages of our history. But even though most states allow their voters no direct expression of Presidential preference, the abuses of the convention-and-boss system are tempered. They are diluted because the whole country, and delegates from the whole country, watch with alert eyes for the verdicts of those scattered bodies of citizens who do have a means, however limited and distorted, of declaring their choices.

After half a century of the direct primary, to be sure, nobody should be so naïve as to suppose that political leaders always emerge from a smoke-filled room with a bad answer while millions of voters invariably reach plurality judgments of indisputable wisdom—by sitting in their living rooms before TV sets. Selection by collective bargaining among politicians puts a premium on political availability, on past performances at the polls, on the reconciliation of regional differences, and on party loyalty. It minimizes religious and other prejudices, for political bosses are tolerant men as a class. Choice by large masses of voters, on the other hand, especially in an intellectual climate dominated by radio and television, puts a premium on national prominence, personality, articulateness, and mastery of public relations.

Primaries vs. Parties

Weighing the alternative hazards, one may well argue that a strong, responsible party system is something we need more than extension or improvement of the Presidential primary. Our national party system is a spasmodic operation, sinking into a mere patronage-dispensing process between elections and bursting into violent life every four years. It is tied much too closely to big, corrupt urban political machines. National issues vital to the country get lost because the parties are rooted in the local interests of states and districts.

Ideally, a national party convention would be a gathering of the elite of the party, debating issues and nominees in terms of the national interest, and on the basis of careful planning by a permanent party organization deeply rooted in the life of the nation. But if we abandoned Presidential primaries, hoping for a stronger, better party system, we probably would be bitterly disappointed. It is the part of caution to accept the primary as a supplement to the nominating-process-by-negotiation. And it is a logical corollary that we should try to make the primary a more responsive and effective tool of democracy—above all a more reliable guide for party leaders in convention.

This means we should have primaries in more states, have them at the same time and under the same conditions, have *all* of the actual candidates entered in *all* the primaries, and finally have a larger and better cross-section of the whole electorate voting in primaries.

This is easier said than done. To do it all, we would need a Constitutional amendment of a coercive character—for which there has been little agitation and of which there is no present prospect. And if we got it, we might well deal a death blow to the party structure on which our system depends.

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Can the Republicans Win?—
A Democrat's Answer

GERALD W. JOHNSON

THE REPUBLICANS are talking in their sleep again, much as they did in 1948. Once more they are assuming that their party nomination will be equivalent to election. Their slumbers are undisturbed by the nightmarish truth that any man the Democrats nominate will start with a twenty-five per cent advantage over any man the Republicans nominate, Eisenhower included. This is the percentage by which the rock-ribbed Democrats exceed the rock-ribbed Republicans in the electorate and it means that the Republicans must win, not half, but two-thirds of the independent vote if they are to have a chance.

They are also counting entirely to their advantage the refusal of President Truman to run again. They are ignoring the fact that by this refusal the devil is unchained. Mr. Truman, not running for anything himself and —since Adlai Stevenson seems to have lost his nerve—not trying to elect anybody else, is a free man, at last in a position to do exactly what he thinks is right, regardless of politics.

It is already evident that the effects of this escape from bondage are likely to be stupendous. It may mean that Mr. Truman will blow the Democratic Party clean off the face of the earth, but it is not certain; he may blow the Republican Party even farther into interstellar space. Certainly the astonishing events immediately after his withdrawal presage a vivid summer; the noncandidate's first move was to slap the haughty steel industry back on its heels, and immediately afterward he took the unprecedented, the unheard-of, the unbelievable action of slapping the haughtier American press —lightly, but nevertheless a slap.

The press went raving mad—out of astonishment, one must believe, because it was not really hurt. The President merely answered a fool according to his folly; he said that in a hypothetical (and impossible) situation he would do what he considered best for the country, not necessarily what the press desired. Because hardly one politician within the memory of living men has failed to crawl when the press lords cracked a whip, when this one did not half the editors really believed that they saw the shadow of the guillotine and heard the tumbrils rolling. It was nonsense, of course, but the fright was probably genuine, and it is characteristic of the scriveners to attribute their own emotions to the people. That is why most of them have failed not only to mold but even to reflect public opinion for the past twenty years.

Unfortunately, the rage of the press may strengthen the Republicans' conviction that the election is in the bag. It may bolster their confidence so far that the Old Guard will repeat with Robert A. Taft the fatal mistake it made with William H. Taft, his father, in running the steam roller over a more popular candidate. Even if Taft acquiesces in the nomination of Eisenhower, the campaign will not be over.

For it is difficult to beat a political party with one man. It can be done, as it was in 1916 and 1892, when Wilson and Cleveland were the chief assets of the victorious Democratic Party; but it happens only under unusual conditions. It is far from clear that such conditions exist today. To be sure, a sudden move by Stalin might create them tomorrow, but at this writing no such move has been made.

Capital-F Facts

So the idea that the Republicans have only to nominate the right man and the trick is turned seems, to say the least, far-fetched. They have been acting on that theory for twenty-four years, and all it has brought them is grief. What they need is not a better candidate but a better reputation, and it is late in the day to acquire one. "To prove this," as Jefferson remarked, "let Facts be submitted to a candid world."

Jefferson capitalized Facts, and let us do likewise. Facts, with a capital "F," do not include the hogwash that passes for argument in an American political campaign. The notion that Mr. Truman is practically Karl Marx with the whiskers shaved off; the notion that Taft is merely Simon Legree raised from the dead and vitaminized; the notion that the Democrats have parked a Bolshevik under every bed; the notion that Republicans spend three hours every afternoon practicing with a blacksnake whip to be applied to the back of labor; and the other tomfool ideas whooped up by campaign orators on both sides will be presented to a world that the speakers hope is anything but candid, and will satisfy the speakers, but they should not delude sensible people for a moment.

What should be examined are those truths so obvious that nobody denies them—well, perhaps there is no truth so obvious that a politician will not deny it if it is inconvenient to his party, but there are things that nobody else

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denies, and it is on these Facts that the election will probably turn. Some of them favor the Republicans, others the Democrats, and the betting odds should be figured on the relative weight of the two sides.

The Inventory

Here are some things that any bystander can see must affect the chances of the two parties. They are not arguments but Facts, which oratory cannot change or blow away.

In favor of the Democrats, Mr. Truman or no Mr. Truman:

Fact 1: The voting population is highly prosperous and desires to remain so.

Fact 2: After seven years of constant peril we have not been gobbled up by the Big Bad Wolf in the Kremlin.

Fact 3: Our defense program is making the gobbling progressively more difficult.

Fact 4: The Democratic Party has a program that favors the voting population.

Fact 5: The completion of that program has been prevented by a combination of Republicans and renegade Democrats.

In favor of the Republicans, regardless of their nominee:

Fact 1: Taxes are very high.

Fact 2: We are involved in a messy and exasperating war in Korea.

Fact 3: Fear of domestic Communism has been fomented until in some people it amounts to a definite phobia.

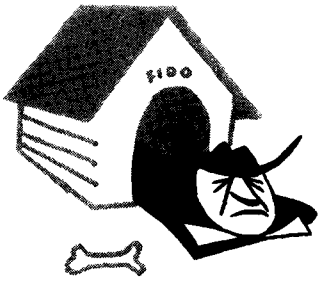
Fact 4: Some of Truman's boys have been caught with their hands in the cookie jar and others have been caught doing some very snide things.

Fact 5: Anti-Semitism and white racism are massed against the Democratic Party.

What People? What Change?

The latter five are indisputable, and they are the only indisputable facts in the Republicans' favor. Still, the argument one hears most frequently is not a fact at all but an unproved theory, usually expressed in the words "The people want a change." The phoniness of this as an argument is exposed merely by inquiring, "What people want what change?" The answer is always mumbled and indistinct. As the Presidential year began, the only people who certainly favored a change were the Republicans, the Dixiecrats, and Mrs. Harry S. Truman—the first two because they want certain jobs, the last because she doesn't. But Mrs. Truman is now assured of the only change she wants, and the Republicans and Dixiecrats as such are not numerous enough to change anything.

As for people not in politics at all, it is very certain that there are some things they do *not* want changed. They



do not want to change prosperity. They do not want to change a cold war for a hot one. They do not want to send ten million men to conquer China. They do not want to destroy organized labor and throw the farmers to the wolves. Even the Republicans admit as much, and insist that their victory would bring about none of these changes. "The people want a change," therefore, seems based on the assumption that the people are tired of seeing Harry S. Truman's picture in the paper all the time and want to see some other. Well, they will now see another; but it is doubtful that the average man gives two hoots whose picture is in the paper, and it is extremely doubtful that he is going to base his vote on any such frivolous issue.

The Balance

In January Walter Lippmann cited the most recent Gallup Poll as showing that forty per cent of the voters considered themselves Democrats, thirty-two per cent Republicans, and twenty-eight per cent independents. Figuring on a basis of 55 million voters, Mr. Lippmann calculated that the hard core of the Democratic Party includes 22 million voters, and the hard core of the Republican Party 17.5 million. This leaves 15.5 million to decide the election. If these split evenly, the Democrats will win. If they split 40-60 in favor of the Republicans, the Democrats will still win. The Republicans must gain two-thirds of the independents to make it a draw, as far as the popular vote is concerned.

The evidence that two-thirds of the independents are so strong for a change that they will vote for anybody the Republicans put up is nonexistent. The evidence that two-thirds would vote for Eisenhower is not conclusive. But the evidence that they will make every effort to vote in their own interest is massive. That is what makes them independents—that habit of weighing the evidence and voting accordingly.

Prosperity vs. Taxes

Any reasonable guess at the outcome of the election must therefore be based on comparison of the weight of the facts on the two sides. Consider, then, Fact 1 in each list—"The voting population is highly prosperous and desires to remain so" against "Taxes are very high."

Were it not for Stalin and the uncertainty of what he may do, one might confidently assert that here is the pivot on which the campaign will turn, all the others being merely contributory elements. From the foundation of the Republic, Americans have habitually voted in favor of prosperity and against high taxes. Here they are confronted with both in the program of the same party. So the question is, Which will prove the dominant factor?

If prosperity and high taxes both affected all elements of the population equally, it would be a tossup, and one could hardly make even an intelligent guess at the outcome. But that is not the case. The prosperity is widespread, very much so, while high taxes bear down most heavily upon the rich. People in the lower income brackets never had it so good, those in the upper brackets rarely so bad.

The result is exactly what you would expect. The upper brackets are Republican to a man, except for an unusually wily rich man here and there who deems it better to be aligned with power than to take in more cash. Since the upper brackets control most of the media of publicity, they are far more articulate than the lower and can, and do, make a great deal more noise. But they don't cast the votes. They made a terrific noise in 1948—so much that they convinced themselves and most observers that it was all over but the shouting. Nevertheless, Mr. Truman is still in the White House.

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This prosperity, therefore, because it goes further down the economic scale than any prior boom, is likely to outweigh the taxation that alienates the upper crust. On Fact 1 the balance swings in favor of the Democrats.

War and Peace

Fact 2 on the Democratic side, "We have not been gobbled up by Stalin," and on the Republican side, "We are involved in . . . war in Korea," poses a much more difficult choice.

When Mr. Truman first succeeded to the Presidency an early collision with Russia seemed probable, and a year later many people regarded it as a dead certainty. As a matter of fact, it has taken some of the fanciest footwork in diplomatic history to keep us clear, but it has been done successfully for seven years, which is not a mere feather, but a large ostrich plume in the Democratic hat.

On the other hand, the Korean War would be a nasty sticker for any Administration. A small, inconclusive war always is—think what the Boer War did to the British Conservatives, the Ethiopian campaign to Mussolini, the Finnish affair to the Soviets. This mess is unquestionably the worst that the Democrats have to clean up.

But its value to the Republicans is problematical. They cannot argue that we should not have fought at all, because most of them, like most other people, approved the war in the beginning. They can only argue that we have fought badly, which God knows we did in the early stages. But the argument will be forceful only as long as the war drags on. If a satisfactory armistice is arranged—which might happen any day—this point, as a campaign argument, will be blunted. In any event, the best the Republicans have on Fact 2 is a slight edge.

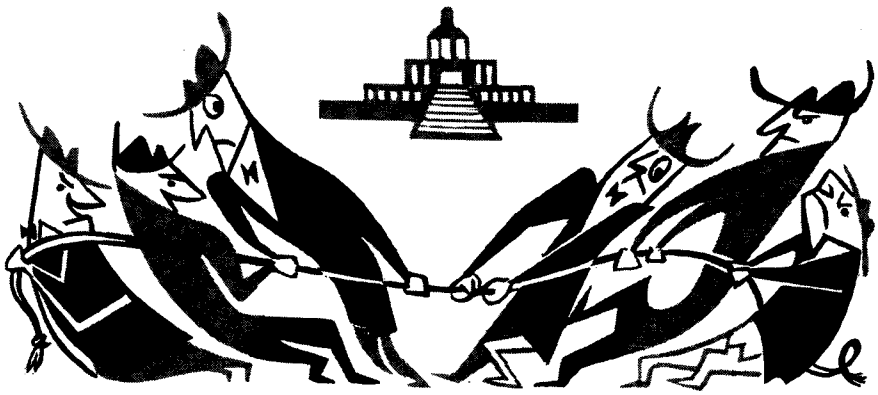
Next Fact 3—on the Democratic side our defense program, on the Republican side hysterical fear of a Fifth Column.

Time must enter into any computation of the relative weight of these facts, for the relation is changing. As the defense program goes ahead, the basis of fear is reduced and more and more people are recovering their poise. No doubt there are unfortunate souls who were so badly scared by the talk of treason that they will never again be capable of accurate judgment, but that does not apply to the vast majority. Already there are indications that McCarthyism begins to bore more people than it terrifies, and when such a reaction once starts it spreads with great rapidity.

On the other hand, the defense program is just now hitting its stride. As the fleet counts its ships by thousands, as the battalions begin to cover the earth, and the bombers to darken the skies, terror will tend to subside. That is to say, Democratic Fact 3 is gathering weight and Republican Fact 3 is losing it.

In connection with the defense program there is another consideration that may prove important. This involves the grabbing by the Democrats of one of the Republicans' valued assets, Dean Acheson. While his work was half completed and wholly misunderstood, the Republicans made great play with the supposed incompetence of the Secretary of State. But now it is beginning to appear that Acheson is the man who upset the Soviet apple cart. In whatever direction Stalin has turned, he has found Acheson standing in his way; and if this continues, by November the Secretary may be no longer the whipping boy, but the Plumed Knight of the Administration.

More than that, the man has done something over and above balking



Moscow. Acheson has turned into reality the dream that has been dreamed by every first-rate statesman since the great Sully, Minister of Henry IV of France, the dream of a true Concert of Europe. Frenchmen, Englishmen, Spaniards, Austrians, Italians, Germans, they have all been trying it for three hundred years, and now the American has done it. True, it was great peril rather than Acheson's arguments that turned the trick, but it was turned, and the Democrats will not modestly forgo the credit.

'Socialistic Schemes'

Fact 4 on the Democratic side is the domestic program, and, on the Republican side, the discovery that the Administration is somewhat rat-infested.

The Republicans have piously endeavored to make the domestic program an asset of their own, but the figures are against them. Everybody knows, since the President's budget message, that eighty-five cents out of every tax dollar is devoted to paying for wars past, present, or to come, with only fifteen cents going elsewhere. Of the fifteen, nine cents are required for such purposes as collecting taxes, running the Post Office Department, and supporting Congress, the White House, and the courts. So the much-touted "socialistic" schemes cost only a little more than a nickel out of the dollar. If they were all scrapped tomorrow we should not save much.

But such as they are, they are aimed at bettering the condition of the very classes that deliver the votes. Many of them, such as TVA and the various conservation schemes, are not spending at all, but investing, with reasonable hope of a handsome return. Others, such as the agricultural policy, afford insurance against disaster to groups that never had it before. The Democrats are definitely committed to these policies. The Republicans are not committed to anything. Hence the voter who takes the Democratic ticket knows what he is getting; the man who votes any other ticket has nothing but hope to guide him.

However, it is incontestably true that the Democratic premises need fumiga-

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tion. That truth is the best noise-making instrument the Republicans have, now that McCarthy's big bass drum is getting damp and soggy. They can make a thumping campaign with stealing as the issue, but whether they can win an election with it is questionable. Back in 1924 the Democrats had a much better stealing issue in Teapot Dome, but they got nowhere against Coolidge prosperity.

The whole issue of corruption, so far, has had a slightly comic tinge that rather takes its edge off for campaign purposes. The thieves are such cheapjacks—so far. No member of the Cabinet has been accused of receiving $100,000 in a little black bag. No member of the Cabinet has been suspected of depriving the Navy of oil that it must have to keep going. So far, nobody has suggested that any high government official has had dangerous witnesses driven to suicide or thrown out of high windows.

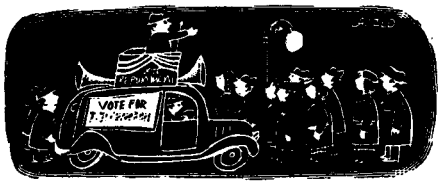
It has been a matter, not of millions, but of mink coats, Deep Freezers, and weekends at swank hotels. The thieves uncovered, so far, have been lollypop snatchers, rather than expert cracksmen and skillful burglars. No doubt it is just as dishonest to steal a milk bottle as to steal a railroad, but people simply will not get so excited about it. If the Administration contrives to send half a dozen of the light-fingered gentry to the chain gang, the whole corruption issue may collapse before November; and in any event it is doubtful that it is taken seriously enough to swing the election.

The Fair Deal

Fact 5, on the Democratic side, is that the completion of the domestic program has been prevented by a combination of Republicans and renegade Democrats, mostly Southerners, who are no more real Democrats than is Senator Bricker. Fact 5 on the Republican side is the obvious truth that anti-Semitism and white racism are massed against the Democratic Party.

Various observers have pointed out that the net result of the opposition to the Fair Deal by such men as Senators Byrd of Virginia, George of Georgia, and Ellender of Louisiana has been to keep it alive as a political issue. If the program had been promptly enacted into law four years or seven years ago, it might have proved worthless by this time. In any event, Truman would have had to think up something else. But it has not been enacted; thus it can still be held out to the voters as a Fair Promise. Obviously, the way to get it through is to elect enough Northern Democrats to Congress to outvote the Southern mossbacks—an argument that will help in November.

The fact that Ku Kluxism in all its many forms is massed against the Democrats will both help and hurt the Re-



publicans. It will bring them the obscurantist vote, and that is a formidable vote, as Al Smith discovered in 1928; but it will cost them the votes of people who hate Ku Kluxism more than they hate Democrats, and these are not a few. Fact 5, it appears, is delicately balanced, but if it is weighted at all it would seem to be weighted in favor of the Democrats.

In view of all this, it is hard to understand the complacency of Republican prophets. It is, to put it mildly, premature.

Eisenhower . . .

Finally, there is another possibility that they should take into account, but perhaps cannot, because believing it exists is a strain that their minds cannot endure. It is the possibility that Truman is not unpopular except in places where unpopularity makes little difference.

The Country Club Set hates him, without a doubt; but the Country Club Set hated him in 1948, and you know how much it got them. What about the Firehouse Set, the Filling Station Set, the Cracker Barrel Set, and the set that frequents McSorley's Wonderful Saloon? Combined, they outnumber the Country Club Set by ten to one. They are registered to a man, and four-fifths of them will vote, which is more than can be said of the Country Club Set.

Perhaps the immense personal popularity of General Eisenhower may override all these considerations, but that is far from certain. Some Americans know, and resent it, that their regard for a great soldier is the hope of certain dubious characters who aspire to use that regard to boost themselves into office. They suspect that crafty politicians are playing them for suckers, and they don't like it.

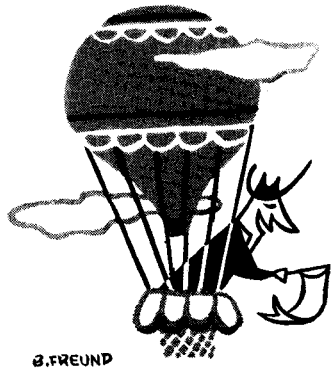
. . . and What Goes With Him

When the voter gets to the polling place he will face the fact that he cannot vote for Ike alone. If he takes Eisenhower, he must also take McCarthy, and Kem, and Jenner. If he takes Eisenhower, he will probably have to take Dewey as Secretary of State; and could Dewey handle Old Joe as well as Acheson does? If he takes Eisenhower, he must certainly take Taft as boss of the Senate, and how would our foreign policy fare then? If he takes Eisenhower, he must reject a definite, well-known, and highly popular domestic policy in favor of goodness knows what. Eisenhower is a good man, but is he worth all that?

The voter in the polling booth will pause and consider; and that he will finally vote Republican, even with Eisenhower running, is a long, long way from certain.

Van Winkle (R.)

No, just as in 1948, the Republicans are talking in their sleep. Eventually they will wake up to discover that what they were leading was not a parade but a forlorn hope; and if they don't wake up until the fifth day of November, it is doubtful that the Republican Party, as a party, will ever wake up at all.



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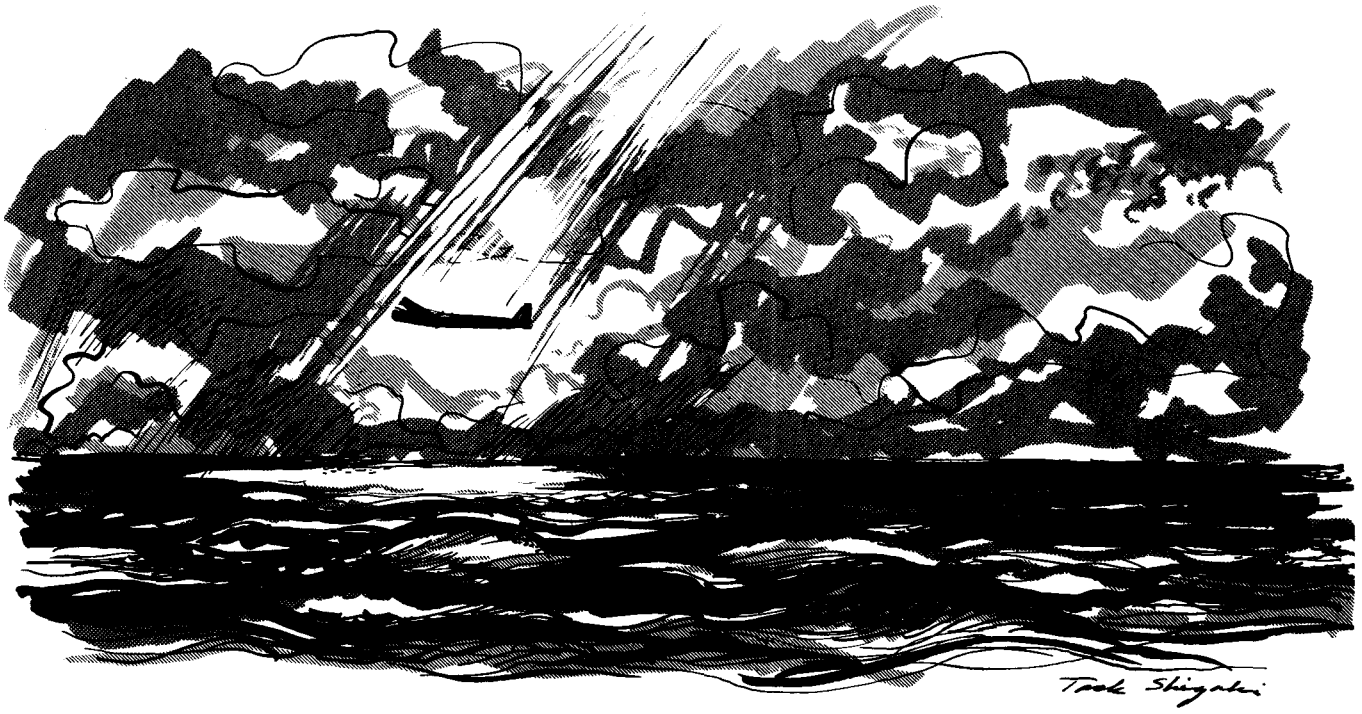

Wide Wings And the High Atlantic

THEODORE WHITE

THE PASSENGER hitches his seat belt tighter, then stiffens as the plane's engines burst into the deafening roar that accompanies take-off. The buildings on either side start to slip by, and then the man at the end of the runway is somewhere far beneath. The vast spaces of Idlewild Airport fall away under the wings (those gray towers are the spires of New York back in the distance)—and up ahead are the morning sky, the vast world, and the ocean to cross. Yawning, the passenger realizes that he must amuse himself until he gets to Paris, a long distance off, and that his ears buzz a bit with the increasing altitude.

Well before this, however, a great many things have happened. In the Trans World Airlines flight-dispatch office at Idlewild, a thin strip of paper red-crayoned with the take-off time of Flight 916 has been fitted into the wall slot. It is eleven in the morning in New York, but at Orly Field in Paris it is five in the afternoon; and there Flight Dispatch, noting it has one more plane in the air, scrawls in white chalk on its blackboard the report that tomorrow at dawn Flight 916 from New York should be overhead.

Simultaneously, in Boston, in Gander, in Shannon, a dozen other men note that a new charge has been given to wind and weather, while all around the rim of the Atlantic the antennae of a dozen radio transmitters and ocean-station ships invisibly reach out to crisscross the skies in a mesh of beams to guide the plane on its way.

For the passenger the empty sky holds nothing, and soon he buries himself in a magazine. Up ahead in the cockpit, the pilot is busy plowing through traffic; take-off has a different quality for him.

Passage to PERCH

Like a motorist, the pilot finds his departure from the jungle of New York channeled by regulation and highway. He must radio-check over Mitchel Field shortly after he clears Idlewild. Moments later he looks down on the red deserted acres of Roosevelt Field, where a man named Lindbergh once took off to test his wings over the ocean. Beyond Long Island, traffic thins out, but the pilot is still bound to the fixed avenues of the air—over Provi-

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dence and Boston, past Portland, Bangor, and Yarmouth to Gander, Newfoundland. At Gander the navigator takes over, pointing the plane toward an invisible code-named gateway in the sky. Every plane must enter or leave the North American continent through one of these, or else be considered stray or hostile by defense radar. Flight 916 this time is directed to leave by PERCH, an intersection of radio beams at 48 degrees 25 minutes north, 51 degrees west. From PERCH as far as the coast of France, the plane and pilot are on their own.

Ever since New York the pilot has been flying counter to the apparent movement of the sun, and as he leaves the empty point in space that is PERCH, it is night. Behind him in the cabin, the passengers fidget or sleep as the mood lets them, all unaware that they are drowsing through a revolution.

Pan American Pioneers

Fourteen years ago, one aviation company, Pan American, flew three flying boats on a weekly schedule from New York harbor to two ports in Ireland and Portugal. These days, at any given moment in the peak season of midsummer, about forty great airplanes of a dozen flags will be crossing the Atlantic Ocean, holding suspended above the water on their glistening wings between two and three thousand human beings. Last year, Orly Field in Paris handled on any average summer day more transatlantic passengers than that great traditional portal of France, Le Havre. Three hundred and seventy thousand people flew the Atlantic Ocean in the course of 1951, and the statistics of 1952, when recorded, will be much higher.

The revolution that has taken place does not come packaged for newspaper headlines, which contrast the remarkable event of today with yesterday. It comes rather from the gradual daily growth of human knowledge and skill, the addition month by month of a new alloy, a new bit of weather knowledge, a new wing structure. It has matured out of the casual, easy interchange of knowledge and practice among half a dozen different nations of the Atlantic community.

By the summer of 1945, all the technical problems of flying the Atlantic had been fairly well licked. Under the lash of war, the U.S. Army and Royal Air Forces had sent thousands of planes across the Atlantic, learning with each new season the mastery of old problems. The information and skills thus acquired were, in the true sense of the word, priceless. No matter how many thousands of men the Air Force needed to man radio stations, Loran, emergency fields, or repair and weather facilities, they were available on call from conscripted manpower. The cost of an airplane, the price of communications, the hazards of crash and disaster did not enter into the grim accountancy of war.

But when the war ended, suddenly scores of thousands of G.I.s manning their lonely posts about the great arc of the Atlantic clamored all at once and together to go home. Within six months, the great emergency net that had patterned the unmarked sky into familiar channels was in process of dissolution.

The problem was thus to create for a new industry ready to be born a fresh system of international control to match that which for so long had governed the surface navigation of the oceans. The old procedures of ocean travel had taken centuries to elaborate; the new procedures had to be formulated in months.

For the flier the Atlantic has a shape of its own. Like stretching hands, Europe and North America reach out to touch each other over the Great Circle route, and the flier simply follows the fingers of these hands north from either shore until they wave him off over the gap of 1,700-odd miles of open water that lie between Newfoundland and Ireland. With the tools of the mid-century, the flier's task is not too difficult. What is infinitely more difficult is the task of weaving pilot and tools together in a system that can lure a customer to spend ten to eighteen hours in a crowded cabin, guarantee his safety, and get him aboard at a price that will cover the cost of transport and leave a margin over for the operator of the plane.

Two international conferences attacked the problem almost simultaneously in the spring of 1945. At Chicago, the Atlantic powers decided how far governments must go to underwrite the new industry; in Havana, the airline operators met to organize both competition and co-operation. By midsummer of 1946, the substructure of safety, regulation, and operation over the North Atlantic was in crude existence; today it is perfected.

The first and greatest requirement of the flier is weather information, in a wealth and detail that no private enterprise can afford. Weather information is, therefore, gathered in a pool into which the United States, Britain, Canada, France, Spain, Germany, and half a dozen smaller states now pour by wireless coded meteorological observations around the clock. This pool of information can be tapped at any of a hundred air centers either by any of the fourteen air carriers who fly the ocean regularly or the lone wolves of any nationality who choose to fly the ocean without schedule.

Wings of the Wind

The weather of the Atlantic is a much kinder companion to the airman than to the sailor. The North Atlantic is a basin in which storms die away rather than breed. While down below the surface winds pitch and toss the waves to turbulence, the pilot finds that the higher he goes the more steady are the winds and the greater help they bring him.

During the war, air-force pilots studying their weather maps found they could use the winds of the Atlantic to flip them on their way. All across the ocean, low-pressure areas (into which the winds spin in counterclockwise circles) alternate with high-pressure areas (out of which the winds spin in reverse direction). These circles are hundreds of miles across. By guess, skill, and luck the air-force pilots would aim to hit these great circles just above or below their centers so as to catch a wind that would push them on their way, saving time and fuel. By now, this pressure-pattern flying has been generalized into a moderately exact science, and hours before any flight takes off its dispatching office prepares for the pilot a plan, based on the latest weather reports, that will take him rocking like a trapeze artist from tailwind to tailwind to his destination.

Weather lore is one of the great new sciences, and as our instruments become more delicate its frontier of usefulness expands. Airline operators are fascinated today by a phenomenon still imperfectly understood: the jet stream. The air currents of the world, it seems, stream off the Torrid Zone and rise, drifting above the temperate zones,

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until they reach the poles. As they grow frigid at the poles they sink and come zigzagging back at furious speeds to lower levels, snaking east and west as they seek the equator again. The airman, who flies higher and higher each year, finds that above 30,000 feet, if conditions are right, these winds achieve stupendous velocities and will seize him like an unseen hand to shoot him ahead in the direction he is going. On my last nonstop flight to Paris from Boston, a trip scheduled for eleven hours, the jet stream caught our plane just after Labrador and suddenly whirled us from a normal three hundred-mile-an-hour speed up to four hundred. The plane moved so fast, in fact, that the pilot had to throttle down to minimum cruising speed lest he deposit his passengers in Paris four hours too early in the cold dawn.

The Safety Net

The community of the North Atlantic has gone far beyond the provision of weather information to make ocean flight secure. Even more elaborate than the weather net is the safety net. All air space across the North Atlantic is divided into traffic blocks by two interlocking systems, just as a railway divides its trackage into such blocks.

One system of traffic control is manned by the government authorities of each country along the route, while the other system is maintained by the flight-dispatch office of each air carrier. Both systems trace every plane aloft, passing responsibility for it by radio from traffic block to traffic block. Paris Traffic Control passes the flying plane to London Traffic Control, London to Shannon, Shannon to Gander, Gander to Bangor, and Bangor to the regular American airways system.

On crowded inland airways, a pilot is checked by ground radio stations at spasmodic ten- or fifteen-minute intervals. Over the water gap his communication is meticulously checked every half hour and his position every hour from the minute the last shore station reports him passing the coast. A pilot is allowed one miss on such a radio check, for the strange effects of northern lights or radio storms may foul his signal. After that one-hour interval, however, a dozen or so radios from the Azores to Greenland are focused on him trying to pick up and relay his signal to traffic-control center. If weather conditions are smooth in the pilot's last reported area, he is allowed another hour to report after the first miss. If two hours go by, however, and the plane is still silent, the mechanism of Air-Sea Rescue is called into emergency service.

Air-Sea Rescue is another of the great community efforts of the past five years. Five nations of the North Atlantic maintain constant stand-by patrol planes, staffed with trained rescue and survival teams ready to take to the air on emergency call. Not one of the great passenger planes of the scheduled air carriers of the North Atlantic has been lost in the ocean since the war, but pilots are ordered to call Air-Sea Rescue at their first suspicion of any sort of trouble.

Forty of fifty times a season, rescue pilots go aloft simply to assist and comfort worried pilots, whose passengers are drowsing comfortably and confidently in the cabin. Once three winters ago a Constellation pilot became worried about icing on his wings. It had slowed his plane down so much that, by his calculations, he would soon be over the ocean with empty tanks. Air-Sea Rescue planes from Argentia, Newfoundland, located him in the darkness in three hours, made contact by radar, and nursed him down to a belt of warm air several thousand feet below his altitude to de-ice him. Then, having followed him to shore, knowing he had enough fuel left to land, they returned to base. Though almost a hundred men in control stations around the Atlantic knew an emergency was on, not a single passenger in the airplane knew the shadow of danger had come and passed.

The country crossroads of the flier are the ten Ocean Station Vessels, lonely destroyer-sized ships provided by the chief Atlantic nations. They remain fixed at plotted longitudes and latitudes night and day in mid-sea, ready

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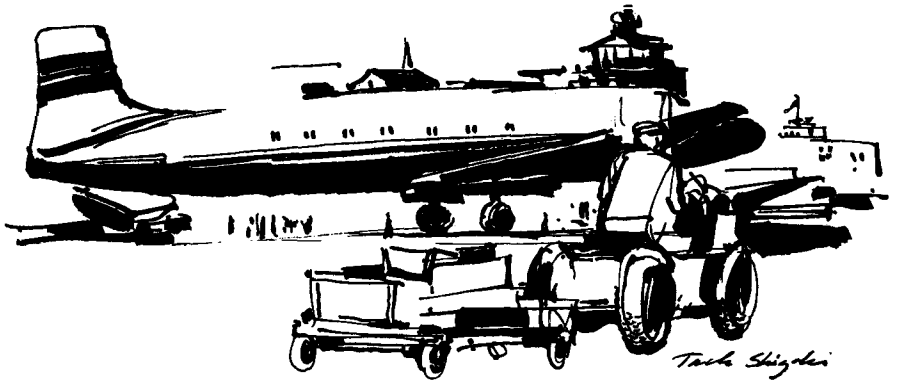

to steam to a downed plane, constantly checking positions and times of the never-ending streams of planes going by overhead. English is the language of the Ocean Stations crossroads, and conversations radiate about them for hundreds of miles. On a good night you can hear Ocean Station Vessel *Jig*, fixed at 20° west, chatting in a Scottish burr. Up ahead in the stream, you may hear KLM Flight 624 communicating in Dutch-English; half an hour behind may be a U.S. Air Force plane; behind it and just approaching *Jig* may be a BOAC or TWA plane. Sometimes a mid-ocean conversation may draw radio participants from as far south as the Azores and as far north as Greenland, all waving at each other, invisible neighbors of the air.

Years of Progress

It is the Atlantic community that has provided, at public expense, the weather communications and safety nets, but the individual airline operators have carried the story from there. Competing with, yet cross-fertilizing, each other's knowledge, the fourteen airlines that fly the Atlantic have tried to outdo each other in that curious rivalry of commercial progress which mixes in equal parts the technologist's genius and the salesman's pitch.

The airplane itself is the triumph of the engineer. In 1945, the workhorse of the North Atlantic was the old Douglas DC-4, inherited from the armed forces. The DC-4 was a fine plane—sturdy, safe, and reliable. It flew a steady 180-220 miles an hour at 10,000 feet, its four 1,450 horsepower engines carrying it along from stop to tedious stop at Gander, Iceland, Shannon, London, and Paris. The DC-4 is still a good plane today: It is safe; it works; it gets there. But competitively it is as obsolete as the Model A Ford. The master plane of the Atlantic today is the Constellation—a ship whose wing span is longer than Columbus's *Santa Maria*.

A trip through a Constellation's cabin traces five years of swift aviation development. The U.S. Army planes flew the Atlantic with five radios feeling out the space around them. TWA now flies a Constellation that has eleven different receivers reaching out on wave lengths of many frequencies to keep the craft bracketed constantly to shore installations. Its engines turn up 2,800 horsepower to cruise at 300 miles an hour. While its pressurized cabins keep the passenger at an atmosphere equal to that at 8,000 feet, the plane itself climbs and stays at 20,000 feet in the smooth air above the storms.

Several years ago one airplane navigator was blown out into the night and ocean when his plastic dome suddenly gave way and popped him into the air. The navigator now has a periscope sight which, when plugged into a convenient ceiling opening, fixes his position with relation to the stars in three minutes.

No sweep of the eye through the cockpit of a modern airplane reveals one dominant revolutionary innovation, for the technologists work by accretion. This summer the fourth model of the postwar Constellation is going into Atlantic service, and each model incorporates all that men have learned in previous years. This one is what the airmen have been waiting for—a plane with capacity large enough to hold a full flight of passengers, plus *all* the fuel necessary to make Paris-New York nonstop on every flight. Though the payload of present planes has jumped by five tons in the last six years and their fuel capacity by twenty-five per cent, they are still not large enough to carry full passenger loads, plus mail, plus all the fuel for a nonstop flight. At present every second flight must be scheduled for intermediate letdowns either in Ireland or Gander or both, irritating the passengers as they are aroused to get off. The new Constellation increases the payload by another six full tons.

The Unchanging Passenger

If the plane is the charge of the technician, the passenger is the charge of the public-relations expert. The tools of flight change each year, but man is a permanent model who carries into every new era the same old habit patterns and desires.

The passenger's first desire is safety. Here the scheduled airplanes believe that they and their supporting governments have crammed every device of ingenuity into guaranteeing security.

Next, the passenger wants punctuality. In the early postwar days of transatlantic flying, it was not uncommon for airlines to keep passengers delayed as much as four to five days in flight, to the accompaniment of some of the most colorful polyglot fussing in history. As new equipment has developed and as planes have flown higher above the storms, flight times have crept closer to their schedules. Ask any Atlantic operator the greatest measure of achievement. The answer is always the same: "We fly on time." At one point in 1947, delays out of Shannon were so long and so frequent that the Irish government built field hostels large enough to accommodate several hundred passengers involuntarily delayed by snarls in operation. For the past year those hostels have been almost deserted. TWA, which in 1947 wrote up an average five-and-three-quarter-hour delay for every flight passing through Shannon, brought the average delay last summer down to less than twenty-two minutes.

The passenger's third desire is comfort; and since all the airlines now fly more or less similar schedules, the great struggle for passenger dollars comes in the frills of service. Flying passengers come from a broader belt of society every year, and providing for their comfort becomes more complex all the time. "In the old days," said a Paris station manager who had seen transatlantic flying expand after the war, "when they used to unload the luggage from the hold it had 'money' written all over it—topgrain, shiny leather suitcases,

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executive bags and briefcases, fancy hatboxes. Now you watch it come out and you see fancy stuff mixed with old sacks, cardboard boxes tied in string, battered old valises, hams wrapped in greasy paper."

To make the passenger comfortable, a major air station like Paris must be prepared to provide travelers not only with diapers, Kleenex, baby foods, shaving kits, and medicines, but also Friday food kits for the devout passenger traveling to Rome and kosher food kits for the pilgrim to Israel. Every passenger on a transatlantic flight expects one full meal and one substantial snack sometime along the way. The airlines have thus had to learn how to poach eggs at 10,000 feet in the air; that pork is too greasy but that steak makes a perfect aerial meal; that mashed potatoes, unless cooked in a very special way, turn blue at high altitude.

In addition, as competition over the Atlantic has stiffened, liquor consumption has increased proportionately. Today's passenger is very unhappy if he is not served free cocktails, champagne, or whiskey to the limit of his capacity and the stewardness's good judgment. At one point last year, BOAC and Pan American were so carried away by competition that the two airlines decided that women passengers on certain flights could not be happy unless they got free orchids or Elizabeth Arden beauty kits.

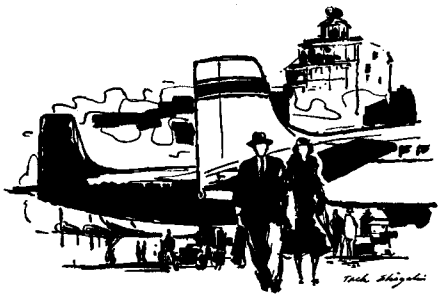
The Jet Era

Up to now, the airlines have been catching up with yesterday—learning how to use, or improving, the tools they inherited from the war. The events scheduled for the coming year mark the beginning of tomorrow.

The first is the contribution of the engineer—jet or turbo-prop planes that will give passengers a completely new aviation sensation. The trouble with all present planes, aviation men will say when forced to talk about that very unpleasant subject, is that they vibrate. Their engines, turned by thousands of explosions a minute, can be sealed and soundproofed to the maximum degree, but still the passenger feels their steady drone, the beat-beat-beat of the engines to absolutely ineradicable annoyance. But the jet and turbo-prop have no pistons; they move more smoothly than any other fast form of locomotion. Returning from an experimental flight on a British jet plane, one American aviation executive said: "It was so smooth it was like riding on a foam-rubber mattress on an absolutely calm lake." He was able, he said, to put a dime on edge on a table rigidly attached to the wall of the plane in flight—and watch it stand there for three minutes. Beside the joy of vibrationless flight, the jet offers speed in lavish, almost needless, quality. Experimental planes now in existence can fly from New York to London in seven hours; planes now under construction will make the New York-Paris run quicker than a train now roars between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

The jet, or turbojet, is undoubtedly the plane of the future. The question is when. In April, the British began flying their pioneer jet liner, the Comet, to South Africa on regular flights. The Comet itself may never be used to fly the North Atlantic, but its experience in the next twelve months will be woven into whatever jet is first placed in service on a regular New York run.

The trouble with the jet is that groundlings and businessmen find it unmanageable. It comes in at such amazing speeds that a jet flying in the superstratosphere must start descending to ground level about Bangor, Maine, if it wants to land in New York. When it arrives, it usually cannot wait;



it must land immediately. The jet's fuel capacity is so closely calculated that it cannot spend several hours stacked in the fog above a busy airport waiting its turn for a ground-controlled landing.

The jet is also a hard plane on the accountant. The Comet, for example, eats up much more fuel than a Constellation and carries roughly forty passengers as against the present Constellation's fifty-seven. At today's rates it cannot be flown at a profit. Another problem the jet presents is nuisance noise. It moves so fast it races away from its own sound, and the passenger travels in eerie stillness. But communities near jet fields are enraged by its screaming every time it takes off or lands. To the groundling who lives nearby it sounds as though a million devils were howling and scratching their fingernails on windowpanes.

No American aviation executive doubts that by 1960 the Atlantic will be flown only by jets. It is the stages leading to that year that worry them. Some of them think that an intermediate step must be the turbo-prop—a compromise plane that retains its propellers but turns them by means of gas turbines. The turbo-prop may be operational as early as 1954; indeed, the new Constellation is convertible to such engines. The pure jet will follow probably three or four years after that. The turbo-prop can cut flight time to Europe from its present nonstop twelve-hour standard to nine hours; the pure jet can bring it down to six.

The New Fares

The second great contribution of the coming year will come from the businessman. The price of a round-trip ticket to Europe has just been slashed from $711 to an off-season tourist rate of $417 (London) and $453 (Paris). By the calculations of the European economists of the OEEC (men who regard dollar-bearing American tourists as more important to salvation than rifle-bearing American soldiers), there exists in the United States an untapped market of travel desire that can, if opened, nearly wipe out Europe's dollar deficit.

The average employed American, their surveys show, earns between $3,000 and $5,000 a year; his average vacation time is between two and three weeks. If he has a longer vacation than that and can travel to Europe, he spends an average $900 to $1,000 on his trip; but of this sum, he refuses to spend more than forty-five per cent for his passage to Europe and back. Thus the average American who wants to go to Europe, has been trapped—the steamers offering cheap tourist passage take half his vacation in travel time; the airlines that offer speed have demanded three-quarters of the travel budget just for the trip.

The new tourist fare, say the airmen, cracks the problem wide open. At

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under $500, Europe can become the experience not only of the executive, the schoolteacher, the student, and the upper middle class but also of hordes of ordinary citizens who will be able to squeeze it into the ordinary two- or three-week vacation and ordinary vacation spending. Paris, say the air operators with an enthusiasm that sometimes seems too horrid to be true, can become Miami; London will be like Southern California—vacationland for everybody.

Like the jet plane, the tourist fare is a hard fact surrounded by problems and propaganda. During the summer months, the present planes on the North Atlantic are already crowded to capacity with passengers willing to pay the luxury fare. Most Atlantic tickets this summer will still be priced at the regular rate, and it is doubtful whether more than ten per cent of the people who want to fly the Atlantic this year at budget rates will find space available for them on the few overcrowded planes (stripped of champagne, cocktails, free meals, and frills) flying at the much-touted tourist fare. But if the market develops, as airline executives believe it will, the immediate future will see present aviation fleets doubled, moving half a million, perhaps even a million passengers annually across the Atlantic.

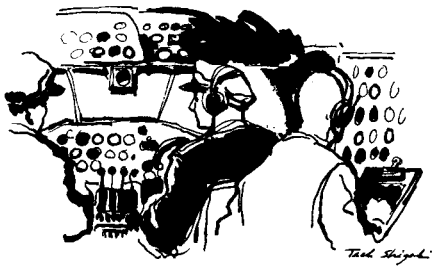
But Where Will They Sleep?

Again, like the jet plane, such a passenger flow brings its own problems. Orly Field—the greatest tourist entry point in Europe—is now already bulging out of the third passenger terminal built for it since the war. On a busy day, during a peak period when twenty planes may land and ten take off in a two-hour period, French police, customs, and health authorities bottleneck over present traffic. The French plan tremendous expansion for passenger handling at Orly (as do Americans at Idlewild), but an almost inevitable period of congestion seems immediately ahead for tourist travelers. Even graver is the problem of hotel accommodation in Europe. Neither Paris nor London can now handle the tourist load dumped on them in the summer months. Double the number of Americans, say Paris experts, and you'll find them sleeping in the Bois de Boulogne for lack of beds.

To all these problems the old airmen have, again, a standard reply. The story of aviation is the story of taking one problem at a time and licking it; you can't plan more than one step ahead. First you get the jet and iron the bugs out. Then the businessman will figure how to make it pay. First you get the passengers and pour them into Europe; somebody will find out how to handle and house them. By 1960, all these problems will be licked and the next chapter in aviation will be opening.

Flight 916

TWA flight 916 is homeward bound now from Bombay, Cairo, and Athens. At Paris a new pilot takes over—Captain Ray Wells, forty-eight, sandy-haired, bespectacled, looking like a



high-school teacher. Behind him crouches TWA's chief check pilot, Captain Don Terry, fifty-two, a grizzled ancient by airline standards. Wells lets the engines linger for a moment more in their sweet humming roar of power and then, just as the co-pilot chants the last item on the safety-check list, Wells sings out, without breaking the cadence of the call: "And the airplane?"

"Ready" comes the answer, bouncing back around the cockpit from engineer, navigator, co-pilot, and steward as the plane is cleared for take-off. With infinite gentleness then, Wells's hand coaxes the controls up the slot, while beyond and outside the cockpit the engines rise swiftly into a screech. The exhaust fumes flare under the wings. Slowly, reluctantly, the plane moves down the runway, then faster and faster, now racing, now scarcely touching, then up, with the lights of Paris falling away beneath the wing like a net of golden sequins and New York on the other side of the ocean.

It has taken some fifty years to get this particular plane "Ready," but the crew, intent on their dials, switches, and panels glowing in the red, soft night light of the cockpit, all seem unaware of the story. Flight is always now, watching the green-glowing needle convulsively twist as it passes over a radio range, watching the fuel indicators measure consumption, watching prop indicators for the slightest roughness. Anybody can fly a plane and anybody can write a story; the pilot's job is different—it is to make decisions, to decide when to de-ice, or climb higher to catch a tailwind, to sort out in his mind's eye constantly the nearest alternate base for landing if an engine goes out, to know long before he reaches the mid-Atlantic Point of No Return whether this flight goes through or turns back before a storm. It is only after the ocean gap is crossed and the plane is winging south down the curving arm of North America that the crew relaxes and you learn that the story is always with them.

Terry leans against a wall in the passageway then, and stops to yawn. "You learn a lot flying," he says. "When I was laying out that route over Italy just after the war, we used to hit hailstorms in the spring every year just over Ostia, where the moist air from the sea hits the air coming off the Apennines. I didn't think much about it until once when I was reading a book of Roman history I read how Hannibal had drawn his army up for the final attack on Rome. That was at Ostia, you know, in springtime, and a hailstorm suddenly came down and stampeded his elephants, who stampeded his horses, who stampeded his whole army, and Rome was saved. The Romans thanked the gods for the hailstorm and made sacrifices—for the same damn hail that bothers us every spring in the same place.

"I wonder all the time when I'm flying. I can fly you out over Africa along the coast there and show you old cities off the shore all under water. You can come down low when you're flying over Libya and Egypt and see all the stuff we left behind in the war—airfields half drifted over with sand, tanks and trucks and artillery miles away from anything getting buried year by year. I always wonder what people will say when they dig up the old airplanes down there. I suppose they'll look at them the way we look at Roman chariots. I know we're getting smarter all right, but I can't say we're getting more civilized. I just keep thinking."

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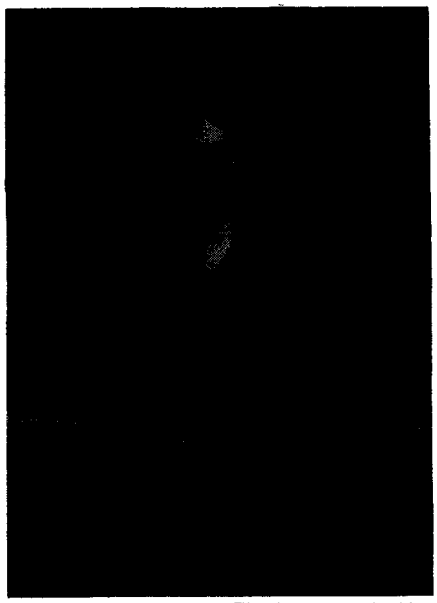
A Brief Reappearance Of Secretary Jefferson

SAUL K. PADOVER



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Thomas Jefferson

NONE OF the things that happened to Thomas Jefferson in his first lifetime was stranger than his experience when he was revived.

It happened in a period of confusion and bitterness when American political struggles were peculiarly protracted and violent. The National Party, which controlled the White House, and the American Party, which dominated the Congress, used every available weapon to destroy each other. It was then that President Sarah Honeycomb Smith, National occupant of the White House, decided to revive (as was made possible by the remarkable development of biochemistry in the twenty-first century) a few great historic figures and enlist them in support of her party.

The first person to be brought back to life was Thomas Jefferson of Virginia. President Smith, knowing that Mr. Jefferson's prestige among the people was high, offered him the most important post in the Cabinet. She appointed him Secretary of State and sent the nomination to the Senate for confirmation. Mr. Jefferson, being appealed to on the ground of patriotism, accepted the position, but only on condition that his lifelong friend James Madison be brought back too. President Smith complied with this request, although with considerable reluctance owing to the strictly limited quantity of the necessary chemicals at the government's disposal.

The Hearing

Upon receipt of the nomination, the Non-American Thoughts Committee of the Senate—a body of patriots devoted to pure Americanism—summoned Mr. Jefferson to appear for a hearing. Mr. Jefferson, although somewhat puzzled by the name of the committee, went up to the Senate prepared to answer all questions about himself. He was sure that there was nothing in his life and record that would not bear the most searching public scrutiny. The hearing, however, turned out to hold a series of surprises for him.

His first astonishment was the committee's initial refusal to permit Mr. Madison to act as his counsel. There were some sharp verbal exchanges between Mr. Madison, who argued that the committee's ruling was unconstitutional, and the chairman, who accused Madison of ignorance of the Constitution. Mr. Madison then asked the chairman under which Constitution the Congress operated and was told, not without sarcasm, that everybody knew that there was only one Constitution, the one that was fashioned in Philadelphia in 1787. Then Mr. Madison said quietly: "If you will look up the record, Mr. Chairman, you will see that I had a hand in making that Constitution; and if you will do me the kindness to examine the journal of the Convention you will see that it is in my handwriting." Whereupon the chairman, annoyed by the smiles of the two minority members of the committee, reversed his ruling and permitted Mr. Madison to remain at the hearing as Mr. Jefferson's counsel.

Mr. Jefferson's second surprise that morning came when the chairman asked him whether he was born an American citizen. Mr. Jefferson, looking a little startled, said that he had not given the matter much thought, but that he "guessed" that he was a native American. The chairman reminded him that he was under oath, and that he was expected to answer questions "Yes" or "No," and not to "guess."

Mr. Jefferson then explained patiently that the matter of his United States citizenship was certainly not a simple one, because he was born in the Royal Colony of Virginia in 1743, long before the formation of the Federal Union. "I may be correctly described, Sir," he said, "as a native-born citizen of Virginia, rather than of the United States of America." The chairman replied that this tended to cloud Mr. Jefferson's record and might possibly be counted against him when the committee made its final decision. Then Mr. Madison interposed, saying to the chairman: "You talk non-sense, Sir," and was told that a repetition of such disrespectful language would bring him in contempt of Congress.

A majority member of the committee came to the defense of the chairman by explaining why the question of Mr. Jefferson's citizenship was of moment. The dossier about Mr. Jefferson contained reports accusing him of having frequently expressed non-American thoughts, including opposition to the Constitution. The committee member asked Mr. Jefferson whether or not it was true that he had once written a long letter to Mr. Madison giving many reasons why he disliked the Constitution [*Mr. Jefferson to Mr. Madison, December 20, 1787*]. Mr. Jefferson replied that it was true, but that he had written such a letter only because the Constitution, as it was originally given to the public in 1787, was without a Bill of Rights, and hence not democratic enough.

The chairman rejoined that such an

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opinion was clearly a reflection on the Founding Fathers and hence non-American. Mr. Madison interjected that where the Constitution was concerned he could claim title to being one of the Founding Fathers and that he did not consider Mr. Jefferson's comments a reflection either on himself or on the Constitution. The chairman interrupted him to say that he was not interested in Mr. Madison's opinions but only in Mr. Jefferson's.

Point of Disagreement

Mr. Jefferson said that he regarded freedom of expression as the essence of Americanism and that he was proud to admit that he was openly critical of the Constitution when it had no Bill of Rights. The chairman observed that he was surprised to hear Mr. Jefferson make such an admission, because it sounded very much like the way radicals always talk. Mr. Jefferson, remarking that truth has universal validity regardless of the person by whom it is uttered, insisted that his exact words about the Constitution be put in the record. He then repeated what he had written:

"I will now add what I do not like. First the omission of a bill of rights providing clearly & without the aid of sophisms for freedom of religion, freedom of the press, protection against standing armies, restriction against monopolies, the eternal & unremitting force of the habeas corpus laws, and trials by jury. . . . I have a right to nothing, which another has a right to take away; and Congress will have a right to take away trials by jury in all civil cases. Let me add that a bill of rights is what the people are entitled to against every government on earth . . ., & what no just government should refuse or rest on inference."

The chairman, with a show of temper, said that Mr. Jefferson's words, expressing such a deep distrust of our government, were an insult to the United States, well-nigh bordering on treason. Mr. Madison asked him to define treason and the chairman said that it meant harboring thoughts that were clearly non-American. Mr. Jefferson, saying smilingly that thoughts as thoughts were free and should be considered American at all times, demanded a definition of Americanism. The chairman replied that Americanism consisted in respect for the Constitution, devotion to the free-enterprise system that made our country great, belief in God, and obedience to the government as represented by Congress; and that anybody who questioned these sacred principles established by our forefathers was non-American and had no business living in our land of liberty.

Mr. Jefferson said that he regretted his inability to agree with the chairman. In his opinion, he remarked mildly, what the chairman defined was not Americanism but some foreign tyranny. Americanism, as he understood it, did not consist in unquestioned obedience to anything, whether man-made institutions or deities. On the contrary, he said, the very essence of America was liberty—liberty of the mind, the spirit, and the body. That was what America was for. "Mr. Chairman," he added, and his voice was no longer mild, "I want to remind you that our forefathers . . . left their native lands to seek on these shores a residence for civil and religious freedom . . . [*Mr. Jefferson, "Declaration on Taking Up Arms," July, 1775*]. This blessed country of free inquiry and belief . . . has surrendered its creed and conscience to neither kings nor priests . . . [*Mr. Jefferson to Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, June 26, 1822*]. The last hope of human liberty in this world rests on us . . . [*Mr. Jefferson to William Duane, March 28, 1811*]. The eyes of the virtuous all over the earth are turned with anxiety on us as the only depositaries of the sacred fire of liberty . . . [*Mr. Jefferson to John Hollins, 1811*]. We are destined to be a barrier against the return of ignorance and barbarism . . . [*Mr. Jefferson to John Adams, 1816*]."

The chairman interrupted Mr. Jefferson to say that he objected to the implication that he or the Non-American Thoughts Committee was against liberty. He did not need to be read a lesson on freedom, in which he believed as much as did Mr. Jefferson, he said. America, the chairman reminded Mr. Jefferson, was a democracy, a land of the free, where every real American had complete liberty to think American thoughts any time, anywhere.

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He added that he was beginning to be really convinced, now that Mr. Jefferson had spoken, that his thoughts were non-American. When Mr. Madison protested that such a statement showed not only what he called deplorable bias but also crass ignorance, the chairman replied that there was sufficient documentary evidence to prove what he said. Mr. Madison answered that no evidence on this earth could possibly prove Mr. Jefferson to be non-American.

Incriminating Documents

A member of the committee then produced photostatic documents from Mr. Jefferson's writings. They consisted of extracts from letters and other writings on the subject of free thought, including criticisms of religion and government. The chairman said that he would show, through Mr. Jefferson's own words, that his opinions were, in the main, not only non-American but also against the fundamental principles of civilization. He added that there could be no civilized life where God was excluded and that Mr. Jefferson had been critical of all organized religion.

Mr. Jefferson denied this, saying that he was not against religion but only against governmental interference with the human mind, whether in the realm of faith or science. He insisted that he believed in complete intellectual freedom.

"No man," Mr. Jefferson said, "complains of his neighbor for ill management of his affairs, for an error in sowing his land, or marrying his daughter, for consuming his substance in taverns, pulling down buildings, etc.; in all these he has liberty: but if he does not frequent the church, or then conform to ceremonies, there is an immediate uproar . . ."

When the chairman tried to interrupt him, Mr. Jefferson insisted that he had much more to say on the subject, which he considered fundamental to

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human freedom. He then was permitted to continue:

"The care of every man's soul belongs to himself. But what if he neglect the care of it? Well, what if he neglect the care of his health or estate, which more nearly relate to the state? Will the magistrate make a law that he shall not be poor or sick? Laws provide against injury from others; but not from ourselves. God himself will not save men against their wills . . .

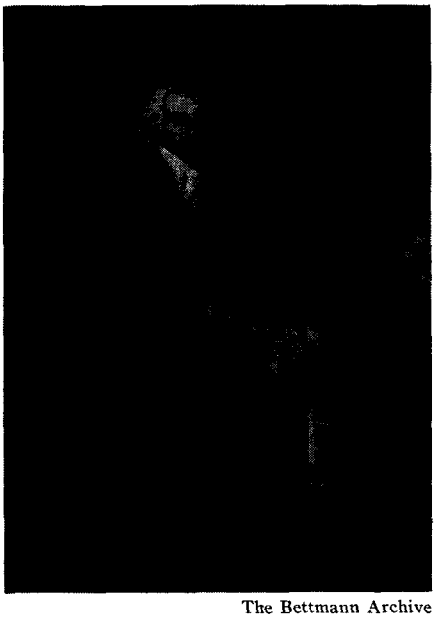
"If the magistrate command me to bring my commodity to a publick store house I bring it because he can indemnify me if he erred & I thereby lose it; but what indemnification can he give one for the kingdom of heaven?

"Mr. Chairman, I cannot give up my guidance to the magistrate, because he knows no more of the way to heaven than I do, & is less concerned to direct me right than I am to go right [*Mr. Jefferson, "Notes on Religion," 1776*]."

The Government's Duty

Mr. Jefferson then added that he had no wish to get involved in any discussion of religion, which he considered a purely personal matter between every individual and his God, but that his chief concern was with human freedom. He repeated his strong belief that democracy could flourish only under a government with strictly limited powers. No government, he said, had a right to meddle with the human mind or spirit, or to dictate what any person would say, think, or believe. It was his firm conviction, he continued, that the only way to eliminate undesirable ideas, whether in politics, science, or religion, was to permit them free play in the open, without interference by any coercive authority. Mr. Jefferson, raising his voice slightly, reminded the committee that human beings had inalienable rights to such freedom and that any government that tried to deprive people of such rights was a usurper.

"There are rights, Mr. Chairman," Mr. Jefferson said, "which it is useless to surrender to the government. . . . These are the rights of thinking, and publishing our thoughts by speaking or writing; the right of free commerce; the right of personal freedom [*Mr. Jefferson to David Humphreys, March 18, 1789*]. The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time. [*"A Summary View of the Rights of British America," 1774*]."



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James Madison

The chairman told Mr. Jefferson that he was making a mountain out of a molehill and that nobody was trying to deprive the American people of their rights. But, he added, the government has a sacred duty to itself and to posterity to protect the nation from those who, although a small minority, were undermining, like termites, our democracy by preaching non-American thoughts. Mr. Jefferson disagreed sharply, saying that no government on earth, and certainly not a democratic one, had a moral right to control any person's mind or conscience.

"Sir," he said, "the rights of conscience we never submitted, we could not submit. We are answerable for them to our God. The legitimate powers of government extend to such acts only as are injurious to others. But it does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty gods, or no God. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg. . . .

"Reason and free inquiry are the only effectual agents against error. . . . Were the government to prescribe us our medicine and diet, our bodies would be in such keeping as our souls are now. Thus in France the emetic was once forbidden as a medicine, and the potato as an article of food. Government is just as infallible, too, when it fixes systems in physics. Galileo was sent to the Inquisition for affirming that the earth was a sphere; the government had declared it to be as flat as a trencher, and Galileo was obliged to abjure his error. This error, however, at length prevailed. . . . It is error alone which needs the support of government. Truth can stand by itself.

"Subject opinion to coercion: whom will you make your inquisitors? Fallible men; men governed by bad passions, by private as well as public reasons. And why subject it to coercion? To produce uniformity. But is uniformity of opinion desirable? No more than of face and stature [*Mr. Jefferson, "Notes on Virginia," Query 17*].

"Are we to have a censor whose imprimatur shall say what books may be sold, and what we may buy? And who is thus to dogmatize religious opinions for our citizens? Whose foot is cut to be the measure to which ours are all to be cut or stretched? Is a priest to be our inquisitor, or shall a layman, simple as ourselves, set up his reason as the rule for what we are to read, and what we must believe? It is an insult to our citizens to question whether they are rational beings or not, and blasphemy against religion to suppose it cannot stand the test of truth and reason. If [a book or idea] be false in its facts, disprove them; if false in its reasoning, refute it. But, for God's sake, let us freely hear both sides [*Mr. Jefferson to Dufief, 1814*]."

Dangerous Ideas

The chairman objected to Mr. Jefferson's remarks as being dangerous and possibly subversive, owing to the fact that the country was surrounded by enemies who wished for nothing better than to spread their dangerous ideas among the American people. Mr. Jefferson, the chairman added, aided and abetted those aliens with his own thoughts, which were clearly radical and subversive. When Mr. Madison protested the allegation, the chairman reminded him that Mr. Jefferson had associated on intimate terms with firebrand revolutionists like Thomas Paine, and atheists like Joseph Priestley, discoverer of oxygen and founder of the Unitarian Church in America, that he had befriended the French revolutionaries, and that he had helped them foment rebellion against the constituted authorities. The chairman quoted Mr. Jefferson's own words:

"God forbid we should ever be twenty years without . . . a rebellion. . . . What country can preserve its liber-

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ties, if its rulers are not warned from time to time, that this people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms. . . . What signify a few lives lost in a century or two? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure [*Mr. Jefferson to William Stephens Smith, 1787*]."

Mr. Jefferson, seeing the shocked faces of the committee members, explained that he was not an enemy of any legitimate, truly democratic government. His idea of revolution was in reality an integral part of his conception of democracy, in the sense that when a *régime* becomes unbearably tyrannical, there is no other recourse left to the people but to overthrow it by force, if there are no other means of achieving liberty and self-government. The rights of the people to freedom and to rule themselves, Mr. Jefferson said, are inalienable at all times and under all circumstances, and superior to all other considerations.

The chairman, after exchanging glances with the committee members, suddenly stood up and said that he and his colleagues had heard enough and that the proceedings were terminated. He did not wish to listen any more to a man who advocated revolution, among other things. Mr. Jefferson, the chairman said, was a disgrace to democratic America.

The De-Revival

As Mr. Jefferson and his counsel were ushered out of the committee room, Mr. Madison was heard to murmur, "My poor country . . . my poor country." But Mr. Jefferson, who was by far the taller of the two, put his arm around Mr. Madison's shoulders and said, "My dear and ancient friend, a good citizen must never despair of the commonwealth. Come and I will show you why." They went up to the Library of Congress, where Mr. Jefferson pointed out the originals of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution placed in airtight bronze cases. "There," he said to Mr. Madison, "is my work and your work, preserved for posterity." Afterwards they visited the Jefferson Memorial, where they watched long queues of tourists, including many schoolchildren, come to pay their respects to the statue and the inscribed words inside. "That," said Jefferson, "is where our thoughts live—in the hearts of our countrymen."

Then Mr. Jefferson was summoned to the White House, where he was informed that the Non-American Thoughts Committee had unanimously rejected his nomination on the grounds of poor security, subversion, disloyalty, and non-Americanism. The President added that, after perusing the committee's report, she was frankly shocked by Mr. Jefferson's professed ideas. Had she or the National Party been fully aware of what Mr. Jefferson really stood for, they would not have revived him. As it was, the damage was done and they could only hope that it would not hurt America too much. Mr. Jefferson was told that the Cabinet and the leading members of the National Party had decided that it was in the best interest of America to de-revive him and send the remains back where they were taken from.

Mr. Jefferson replied that he had no objections to having his bones reinterred at Monticello. "But," he added, "you can bury bones, but not the spirit of liberty!"

Truth and Tragedy in Spain

A British novelist finds its humanity undimmed

V. S. PRITCHETT

Certain cities in southern Europe have gone architecturally mad. Barcelona has long been famous for its *nouveau riche* fantasies, but I am thinking also of Genoa and Milan, and especially of Madrid. They have gone in for vast blocks of flats and imitation skyscrapers. There is an excuse for Genoa, which is closely hemmed in by mountains; the situation of the city gives it dramatic rights. But Milan? Madrid? Surely it is pure, arrogant sensationalism, the megalomania of the kind of industrial wealth that has arrogantly determined on display which has made them build like this—and perhaps a calculated determination not to solve the appalling social problems of these growing, overcrowded cities.

In the case of Madrid, the effect is bewildering. A huge new city has jumped up, a place of dazzling prison blocks and pretentious, tasteless public monuments—and nothing is finished because the money always runs out. It is the old Spanish vice of overbidding the hand, but without the wealth and tradition, the religious and political dominance that made the old Spain great. Madrid looks like a gigantic film set, in the worst taste, for a script on which production has stopped.

This change has been creeping on

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for some time. In the early years of this century, Madrid had copied Paris in a provincial way. By 1914 it was sticking doughlike bellies on its balconies. The charm of Madrid lay in the old seventeenth-century quarter, in beautiful buildings of gray and terra cotta like the Ayuntamiento; and after that, there was the rather sedate, rather sad bourgeois and nineteenth-century air.

The Spaniards had a certain pride in being out of date and behind the times.

In the 1920's, Madrid was full of sad, bourgeois people practicing the conventions with a rather delightful obstinacy. It was a place for getting your knuckles rapped socially — absurdly snobbish, and dead in the sort of way that recalled an old-fashioned, long-winded sentimental novel. The poor were very poor, but genial. The middle classes were very shocked when the Spanish poor were admired, their dances, songs, customs, and popular arts studied by the intellectuals. Excursions into the country were, even as late as the 1920's, still highbrow, left-wing, and probably anti-Catholic. The great outcry was that it was all very European, and to say "Europe" to a Spaniard is to say the Devil.

Single-Purpose Men

All this gave Madrid an obdurate Victorian charm. The chief cafés were comfortable, worn-out places. The spittoon—obedient to the national vice—was everywhere. (A collection of Spanish spittoons would be an interesting item for a social museum and might be correlated with the figures for tuberculosis.) The cafés were packed until three or four in the morning with men —for respectable women did not go to most cafés until the late 1930's. One was struck by the immense number of elderly priests in the Puerta del Sol, also by the dozens of army generals in their red coats. From the streets one had the impression of a dominantly male society. The women were shut up at home and met for tea or chocolate in their best clothes and jewelry.

It was a city of male talkers. Politicians with their courts of secretaries walked up and down, the most favored walking next to the great man, who was commonly very fat. The Spanish double chin used to be like a pale automobile tire and gave a look of sadness and martyrdom to figures who were deep in the perennial corruption of Spanish politics. There was a special kind of Spanish solitary who walked along glumly, devoid of introspection, blank-faced like the moon; you bumped into him in the crowd and he did not know it. A wonderful cushion of invisible passivity surrounded him. It was a country of Oblomovs, and indeed the more I read Russian literature of the nineteenth century, the more it sounds like the Spain of the 1920's and 1930's, with the snow and the alcohol removed —for outside Andalusia the Spaniards had no apéritifs, and if they drank a glass of anise or wine always took two glasses of water with it as a gesture of sobriety and frugality.

Madrid consisted of single-purpose men: Some entirely occupied themselves with sleep, others entirely with sitting, others with gambling, others with the pursuit of women, others with talking, and so on. In every family there seemed to be a phenomenal man who worked—generally worked day and night at two or three different jobs—and provided, like some uncomplaining patriarch, for the families of relatives who had the talent—for it is obviously a gift—of doing without employment.

I have known many of these single-purpose men. They were instructive and—like all people who go in for excess—unworldly. They were pointers to an important pole in the Spanish character: the positive choice, in any situation, of frugality, of finding the minimum required for sustaining life.

The type has persisted through uglier, harder, brisker times. But Madrid certainly has changed. The handful of rich are of course in a very strong position, but the old gradations seem to have gone.

Rivers of Neon

There is no fantastic, incompetent traffic jam of yellow trams from the Puerta del Sol to the Post Office. The traffic moves fast. The Puerta del Sol is dead. Only two or three of the old cafés, I think, are left. The crowds that stroll up and down thickly between six in the afternoon and two or three in the morning have moved up to the skyscrapers of the Gran Via. The ill-lighted city of old, with its sad lamps shining through the acacias, has rivers of neon lighting, colossal motion-picture theaters, and cafés of green marble furnished like luxury sets from Hollywood.

One has stepped out of the nineteenth century into the shiny American magazines. It is rare to see a priest. Women now go to cafés. There is an air of gaiety and luxury. The crowds in Madrid have never been fashionable but everyone is well-dressed; even in the poorer quarters there seem to be clothes carefully kept for the street, and Spaniards both male and female are most careful of their personal appearance. The women's hair has been brushed to the point of agony. And if the life of the day has been wretched, if it has meant a struggle for food or

money, a fight with the shocking cost of living, the evening is the fiesta and everyone is out.

The chief change, I thought, was that the crowd had become standardized, but now in a bright pattern. The young women wore red or green jerseys in the Gran Via, but they were wearing them in Toledo as they walked out on Sunday night. And in the poor, ruinous villages of Castile, the peasant girls, whom one expected to see in worn-out black, were wearing the same

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respectable uniform. The civil war has probably given a status to the lower middle classes, and has certainly brought out a kind of aggressive primness, the Catholic puritanism of Spaniards.

The differences between Spanish men and women have often been remarked on; often the women seem to be a different race. Listen to their conversation: It is very decided; they hold their chins high; they seem to be asserting their independence of the friend they are talking to. They give no admiration. They are often very amusing; but, after French or Italian women, they seem very collected, rather severe, fanatically and simply attached to conventional prejudice, and rather male. A new and amusing aspect of women's life in Spain is that for the first time large numbers of them are now taking all kinds of educational courses. It has a practical reason: Going to classes gets them an hour or two of liberty from family supervision.

World of the Mind

Conventionality, a sort of Victorian prudery, the fiercely anti-intellectual, and the dull have returned to Spain. It is a country that has driven its best minds out.

"We live in a wilderness. One sees now that we hate civilization and are a nation of extremists who end in apathy and waste." The words were from the only friend of my early days I could find in Madrid. It is true in a way; censorship has killed the arts and driven the critics into little safe corners. There is only one novelist of any account among the young, and his second book had to be published out of the country. He himself had worked for the government censorship office. It was a case of the censor censored.

Still, if Spain is a mess, Spanish vitality, the Spanish habit—how shall I put it?—of putting life first, of putting the self first—they are as strong as ever. Exposure of everything, resignation, a charitable indifference—that is the atmosphere: One expands before the lack of restriction in the spectacle of human nature—the pretty, the ugly, the lazy, the tragic, the ferocious.

Certainly in a city like Naples the whole of human life is thrown in your face—Naples is a very Spanish city—but the Italians are as clever as monkeys. They are always acting and amusing one another. They are naïve too. In Madrid, and even more in Seville, the Spaniards are not clever, they are not acting. They are letting life live itself out blatantly, and underneath one sees a fundamental moral pattern. It is partly Catholicism, partly some harsh pagan sense of the mercilessness of life. Behind the Spaniards is fate. In the north we are ashamed of pain and misery. We hurry our evils away to be cured. Here they are built into the pattern. Ideal country for a writer who can pick his material out of the streets, or see a figure marked by history at a dinner table, which he would miss in his own country.

There is the really Escorial type of Spanish reactionary—cosmopolitan, suave, lost in an excellent education that has turned out to be a memory exercise, protected by anecdotes very often used. A courtier without a court. Strong in Vatican policy and gossip about cardinals. Rich, hard, nervous. He has the air of "sitting something out." What? The régime, of course; he despises it. He belongs to a class that has sat out three hundred years of history; he hopes to sit out the modern world.

Street Scenes

I remember one or two street scenes. A deaf-and-dumb man is telling a long story by signs to a deaf-and-dumb woman in the middle of the pavement of the Gran Via. The passing crowd has to divide to avoid them, for they require a lot of room, like two boxers. The crowd does not stare but allows them their play. Their eyes are brilliant and quick and entranced with each other. They are like hypnotists who have hypnotized each other, and they are helpless with smiles and laughter. I have not seen such happiness on people's faces for a long time, except once or twice in the faces of lovers.

Within a few yards of those two, that morning, there were, in fact, two lovers. They were poor and blind. They talked with their sensitive faces as close as two kittens; their hands were restless, touching an arm, a shoulder for a moment, and they had the secretiveness of the blind.

In one of the churches, there were two men praying before a crucified Christ; one stood at attention and his lips hardly moved, but beside him, an oldish man with a gray beard rose from his knees in emotion, kissed the toes, then the instep and the ankle of the Christ, and then caressing the calf, the knee, the thigh in turn, kissed them, studied adoringly as if he expected the figure to move. Then with tears on his cheeks, he turned quickly to another altar and prayed there. I saw how realistic Spanish religious art is, for its sculpture and its painting convey exactly these extremities of emotion. It

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was strange to see a work of art enacted at my feet in human terms.

I think of the thieving waiter at the restaurant, a clever man with hangdog eyes, who slipped two cigarettes out of our packages each of the three times that he came to the table. He guessed the last time that we had watched him, and after that the poor wretch followed us like a lover, terrified we would tell the proprietor; but even as he hung back on the stairs, his conjuror's hands were flicking the cigarettes from his breast pocket to the pocket at his side.

There was the superb little father of eight who packed them all into the crowded corridor of the train between Córdoba and Seville, lost them, counted them, recounted them, couldn't find the baby, found the baby, everyone laughing at him. He was laughing too. And when they got to Seville they were met by just as many other children, goodness knows how many women and prams, all laughing, kissing and shouting, and moving off into the syrupy air outside. The superphiloprogenitive man, soul of order and responsibility, he marched the lot round the cathedral in Seville the next day, gave each one a tap on the head to make him bob at the right moment, and, pointing out a work of art or two in brisk fashion, went out dapper and delighted as a bantam into the blaze of the sun.

The Moment of Truth

And the horrors: that gypsy with the dying baby in the stinking rush of the Madrid subway. The shouting working-class women; the gypsy crouching under their elbows. The baby, sunken-cheeked, purple—almost black—in the face, the lips blue, as it lay with an expression of famished cynicism, a little aristocrat of death.

Nothing in Spain is concealed. The Spaniards live for certain high moments in their lives—the famous moment of truth. But just as in the bullfight that famous moment of truth so rarely comes off and ends in muddle before the catcalls of the crowd, so a kind of gifted incompetence keeps the bizarre, the comic, the dreadful, the simple human things before the traveler's eyes. In the north, civilization has dehumanized us; in Spain I have had the unromantic shock of finding myself among human beings as if after a long absence from the human race.

Hirohito versus The Stuffed Shirts

WILLIAM COSTELLO

With the restoration of Japanese sovereignty, the Emperor Hirohito, 124th heir of the Yamato dynasty, moves into a key position in the free world. If he makes his influence felt, Japan may become both strong and democratic. If he is again overshadowed by a self-serving oligarchy, Japan might swing as violently leftward as it once did rightward.

Until the end of the war, little was known about Hirohito the man—about his personal habits and attitudes, his character and attainments, his modes of thinking. He was a cloistered legend, by turns a sanctimonious father to his people and a sinister threat to his enemies. Whether he spoke with one voice or a multitude, the Emperor of Japan was a political primitive—the embodiment of superstition, reaction, and feudal divinity. As a prisoner of forces that ruled in his name, he could be turned on and off like a spigot; his personality and his power were whatever government propagandists chose to make them. Ten years ago, the emperor as a "sacred and inviolable" figurehead represented the most archaic political principle in modern society.

With the arrival of American armies in Tokyo, Hirohito began a new life. His imprisonment ended. General MacArthur disbanded the Imperial Guard and humbled the autocrats of the Imperial Household Ministry. For the first time the emperor was given the freedom of his own country—freedom to travel into every prefecture, to talk commonplaces with commoners, to question politicians, to curb the palace bureaucracy, and to reform the antiquated rituals surrounding his own public appearances.

In theory the emperor is powerless. By the SCAP-written 1946 Constitution he is specifically forbidden to take an active part in government. He is required to affix his signature to state papers, but there is no obligation on anyone in government to consult him in the formation of national policy. Even the designation of the Premier is now the sole responsibility of the Diet.

The story of Hirohito's emergence is a fascinating study of revolution by indirection. In the first three years after his liberation, he made fifteen trips into all parts of the main island of Honshu. Later there were even more extensive

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excursions, but the crucial transition from godhead to manhood took place in those first three years. At the start Hirohito was painfully self-conscious, but gradually, as both he and his overawed subjects became accustomed to their new relationship, he acquired greater poise.

Rubicon at Niigata

On the day the emperor visited Niigata, a chill, miserable downpour of rain made the occasion memorable by inspiring an oblique stroke of imperial politics.

Emissaries of the imperial household had busied themselves for days arranging a split-second schedule, scrutinizing every inch of the route to be followed, and coaching nervous officials on protocol and manners in the imperial presence. By a kind of supercilious innuendo, these overbearing chamberlains seemed to insinuate that Hirohito's effort to get acquainted with his people was hardly more than a vulgar harlequinade. The emperor had been and remained, in their minds, their own possession.

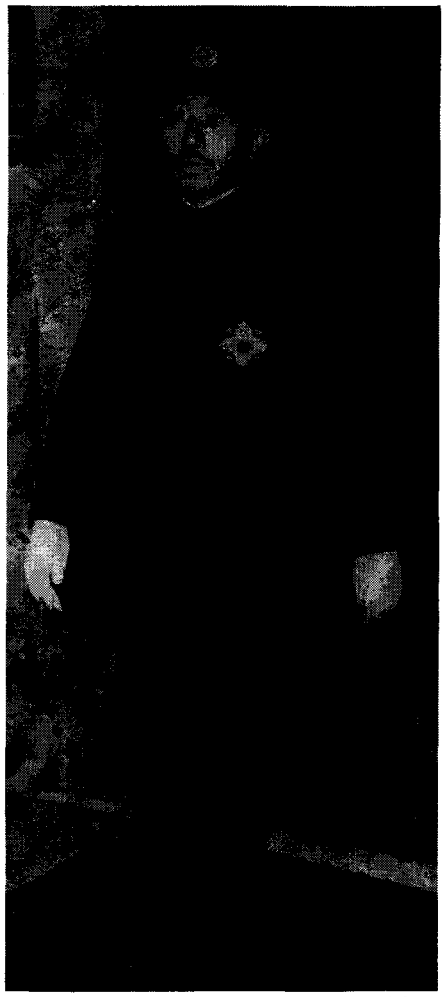
Governor, mayor, and police had been cautioned that no incident must mar the dignity or composure of His Majesty. All concerned were in a state of agitation bordering on panic.

As might have been expected, the crowds lining the streets had protected themselves from the rain with oil-paper umbrellas. The police grew alarmed. Suppose the imperial attendants, in their feudal arrogance, should interpret covered heads as a lack of respect? A hasty order was transmitted down the line: Fold umbrellas and bow.

This spectacle of a sodden, shivering mass of humanity suffering for the sake of ritual was too much for the emperor. He said: "Let them put up their umbrellas!"

Throughout this period, the emperor gave no outward sign that he was aware of his chamberlains' efforts to turn back the clock. He made his periodic visits to General MacArthur—hammering home to his subjects the humiliation and defeat that had been brought on by the old system—and he traveled more and more widely in the provinces. Some of his attendants were loyal and progressive-minded, and he could afford to ignore the others.

A century ago, in the twilight of the Tokugawa shogunate in Kyoto, Hirohito's great-grandfather, the Emperor Komei, was confined to the inner compound of the palace, invisible to all human eyes except those of his family and court attendants. At councils of state, he sat behind a hanging screen so that only his feet and knees were visible. Even on that remote dais his wardens insisted on disfiguring him; they blackened his teeth, painted his lips yellow, rouged his face, and smeared false eyebrows on his forehead.



Wide World

Hirohito

Following Meiji

Not in the worst period of his captivity at the hands of twentieth-century militarists was the present emperor ever subjected to such indignities. The Emperor Meiji (1867-1912) had put an end to the grosser forms of medieval monarchism. Hirohito, defying the same feudal forces, seized his opportunity after the war to finish the task. The grandfather succeeded only in emerging from behind the bamboo screen; the grandson has opened the doors of the palace, and thrown away the keys of myth and legend.

In January, 1946, the emperor asserted himself most notably in his historic rescript on the nature of the monarchy. Because this rescript represented a revolutionary departure from all previous Japanese theory of nationhood, many Japanese were quick to infer that it had been issued under orders of the occupation authorities. Actually, American officials had nothing at all to do with it. I was told in confidence by a liberal member of the emperor's personal staff that the rescript was suggested by Hirohito himself shortly after the surrender, and it was issued only after a bitter, secret two-month debate among intimate advisers to the throne.

In it, after asserting "the ties between us and the people . . . do not depend upon mere legends and myths," the emperor said: "They [these ties] are not predicated on the false conception that the emperor is divine, and that the Japanese people are superior to other races and fated to rule the world."

Mikado's Day

Taking advantage of his new constitutional prerogatives, Emperor Hirohito has encouraged publication of a vast amount of trivial information about his personal life and habits. It has been revealed that the fifty-one-year-old ruler is five feet three and two-tenths inches tall, weighs 132 pounds four ounces, has seven moles and one wart on his face, and wears glasses with a lens concavity of ten degrees.

In his wardrobe there are two sets of Japanese ceremonial clothes, four imperial uniforms, two swallowtails, two tuxedos, six frock coats, five morning coats, twenty-three ordinary western-style suits, and sixteen overcoats. He has thirteen hats and twenty-six pairs of shoes. Once when he sent a pair out for repair it was discovered that they were ten years old.

The emperor's daily routine has become an open book. He arises at six and shaves himself with an American safety razor. At seven he goes for an hour's walk in the garden. At eight he eats breakfast, consisting usually of oatmeal, fruit, tea, and toast. Then he scans the morning newspapers.

The emperor keeps office hours from nine to noon, and in the afternoon from one until four. Then he takes a bath

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in his western-style tub, goes out for another walk, has supper about six, then reads, talks with his wife, or listens to western music. He almost never comments on his food, except that he has a fondness for noodles. As long as there was a food shortage in Japan, he insisted that he must have no bigger ration than ordinary citizens. Once, when white bread was served to him, he said: "This is too good. Mix something else next time."

Perhaps in protest against the lavish scale on which the imperial household was formerly set up, the emperor developed an insistent habit of economizing on small matters. He got to be a "string saver." In his office and home, he used pencils, charcoal *sumi* sticks, and erasers until they were too small to hold; he made notes on both sides of the paper and had his clothes and shoes mended like any wage earner. After the war, the palace gardens became overgrown with weeds and the wisteria trellis dilapidated because His Majesty would not sanction expenditures for their upkeep.

It is certainly not without significance that the emperor persisted in living according to western style throughout the most intensely nationalistic period in Japan's history. In the 1930's, while chauvinists in all walks of life were trumpeting the virtues of the kimono as a national costume, Hirohito had not one single kimono. He made no public display of his feelings, but he refused to be carried away by the traditionalist hokum that poured in a nauseating stream from the propaganda mills of the jingoists.

Among these official falsehoods, one of the less noxious dealt with the emperor's athletic prowess. According to the emperor worshipers, Hirohito excelled at every sport except skating—which he had never tried. No eulogy of him was considered complete without the assertion that "His Majesty's favorite sport is horseback riding, at which he is an expert."

One day when the emperor was strolling along the path from his residence to the palace library, he caught sight of a group of Japanese reporters near the gate. To their collective consternation, the emperor headed straight for the group and stopped. The reporters noted that his suit needed pressing, his shoes looked old and scuffed, and he spoke with a slight nervous stammer.

However, they lost no time in firing the usual questions—inquiries about his health, his travels, his biological research, his recent visit to the Ueno art gallery. Ultimately, of course, they got around to sports. His Majesty said he was more addicted to Japanese chess than to horseback riding, and then laid another bombshell in the hands of the newshounds. A *Kyodo* reporter put it gingerly in the last paragraph of his story, with these words:

"The emperor admitted that he had tried every sport with the exception of skating, but that he was not very good at any of them. Then he laughed and the reporters joined in."

The Scientific Approach

It is worth recalling that, for twenty-five years, the emperor has been a persevering student of biology. His laboratory has never lost interest for him. Ordinarily he spends only Saturday afternoons there, but he is said to have accumulated a creditable collection of marine plants and animals, including eighty-three types not previously catalogued. The emperor depreciates his researches, and indeed there is no reason to think he will ever be regarded as an eminent scientist.

Nevertheless, there is one paramount consideration about biological or any other scientific research: It teaches the scientific method. It reasons from cause to effect. It deals with precise and demonstrable fact, not with fuzzy tradition. Hirohito stands out as something of an anomaly, for among the millions in Asia there are only a comparative handful trained in the scientific methodology of western logic. It was almost inevitable that in his examination of the social organism, the emperor should reject superstition and mythology as a guide to reason.

On the whole, the public has learned to accept the emperor's new role with a mixture of feeling in which respect and affection have been most conspicuous. Those of the older generation, whose thinking has been conditioned by a lifetime of propaganda clichés, still

Wide World

Scene at the Imperial Palace

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find it easy to generate the slushy sentiments of "awe and veneration" that have always been prescribed for encounters with the royal personage. Others, especially in the cities, find it easier to view the emperor objectively.

There was public approval over an incident in Osaka which erased another feudal inhibition. When an unknown youth in naval uniform broke through a crowd welcoming the emperor and tried to present a petition, outraged police hustled the youth off of jail with dire threats. Presently the attorney-general's office in Tokyo issued a statement to the effect that the act of direct petition to the monarch was no longer a crime.

Flags and Fish

Yet even when people have daringly asserted their new constitutional rights of free speech and petition, there has been no tendency whatever to expose the emperor to personal indignities. On the contrary, the habit of respect is deeply ingrained, even among extreme left wingers. A ludicrous instance occurred in 1947 during a Communist rally at the Diet Building. The Communists had been carrying on a campaign for abolition of the monarchy. Nevertheless, when a party of marchers carrying red flags was held up along the palace moat to allow the empress's car to pass, the Communists hurriedly furled their red flags and bowed low until the empress passed from sight.

Japanese wits have adopted a European political anecdote to illustrate the monarch's new position. They tell of a Tokyo fisherman who, availing himself of his new democratic privileges, tried his luck in the emperor's moat and rushed home to his wife with a fish.

"Never mind the delayed rations," he cried. "Fry this fish."

"But we have no cooking oil," she protested.

"All right . . . then broil it!"

"But we have no charcoal either."

Enraged, the fisherman returned to the moat and threw his dinner back into the water.

No sooner had the fish disappeared from sight than it leaped back in the air and cried: "Banzai democracy!"

It is said that the emperor, too, is enjoying the freedom of his native habitat, and that the old oligarchy no longer has the mythological fuel with which to fry him.

The Role of Cheese In Our Foreign Policy

HANS LANDSBERG

When the Defense Production Act comes up for revision this summer, American cheese manufacturers will be among those who keep a very close watch on its progress. Despite the seemingly marginal importance of cheese to U.S. defense, its producers are singled out for considerable favor by the present Act. This courtesy, known as Section 104, was initiated last July, when the one-year-old Act was amended to protect U.S. cheese against foreign imports. When, last January, the Administration attempted to kill Section 104, it met with its first defeat of this year's session, a resounding "Nay" vote that included every Republican present, as well as seven Democrats who also could not ignore the cheesemakers' pleas.

When this year's version of the Defense Production Act is brought to the floor within the next few weeks by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, it will contain a slightly weakened version of what has come to be known as the "Cheese Amendment." But even this sop to the Administration may disappear on the Senate floor. The January vote, and the four-day debate that preceded it, indicated just how hardy a perennial the Cheese Amendment is likely to become.

A census of the dairy cows in each Senator's state might have provided a fairly accurate index to their sentiments in January, but it would not have told the whole story. Dairy interests alone could not have instigated such a vigorous demonstration of the historic old U.S. protectionist spirit. The vote indicated how larger issues may be ignored and long-run goals jeopardized in the face of domestic pressure groups, particularly in an election year.

Section 104 directs the President to prohibit imports of fats and oils, peanuts, butter, cheese, and other dairy products, and rice and rice products, "which the Secretary of Agriculture determines would (a) impair or reduce the domestic production of any such commodity or product below present production levels, or below such higher levels as the Secretary of Agriculture may deem necessary in view of domestic and international conditions, or (b) interfere with the orderly domestic storing and marketing of any such commodity or product, or (c) result in any unnecessary burden or expenditures under any Government price support program."

This amendment is known as the Cheese Amendment not because butter and rice are unimportant but because cheese was the major single item added by it to the list of commodities that had been previously under import control. Butter, for instance, has been practically embargoed since 1942. During the war this was done via the machinery for allocation of fats and oils among the Allies. After the war, government farm-price-support operations became the basis of its exclusion. Then last year it came under Section 104. In addition, even in preceding years the quantity of butter and most of the other commodities imported had never been substantial. Thus, no domestic pressure

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groups were offended when Congress continued the partial or total exclusion of the other items, and even foreign exporters had become reconciled to considering the United States a closed market for these products.

When Senator Warren Magnuson (D., Wash.) added cheese to the list last July, a controversy began which greatly transcends the relatively narrow issue as to whether $20 to $25 million worth of cheese may be imported each year.

In the first place, a problem which should be decided in the arena specifically designed for it—the Tariff Commission, established in 1916 to be the central arbiter of tariff matters—has been made into a political issue and fixed rigidly in a piece of *ad hoc* legislation by Congress. When asked by Senator J. William Fulbright (D., Ark.) what was wrong with going before the Tariff Commission and seeking relief there, one of the cheese producers' star witnesses, E. W. Gaumnitz, executive secretary of the American Cheese Institute, had nothing better to reply than that the reason for inserting Magnuson's amendment "on the face of it must have been that there was no relief otherwise." Senator Fulbright shot back: "I presume you know more about how it got there than I do." The amendment's *raison d'être* is simply that the Tariff Commission is a far tougher court to go before than Congress.

As a growing number of industries seek relief from foreign competition, particularly under last year's more elastic version of the Trade Agreement Extension Act, it is vital that Congress be kept from assuming a function specifically delegated to an Executive agency. The argument that it takes too long to wait for a verdict from the Tariff Commission might induce Congress to look into the workings of the commission and strengthen it where necessary. But it should not be used as a justification for setting up Congress as a competing body. Lobbies are quick to learn, and the spectacular success of the cheese people may next encourage the producers of everything from glassware to felt hats to skip the Tariff Commission and go directly to Congress, as the tuna-fish producers have already done.

Subsidies and Security

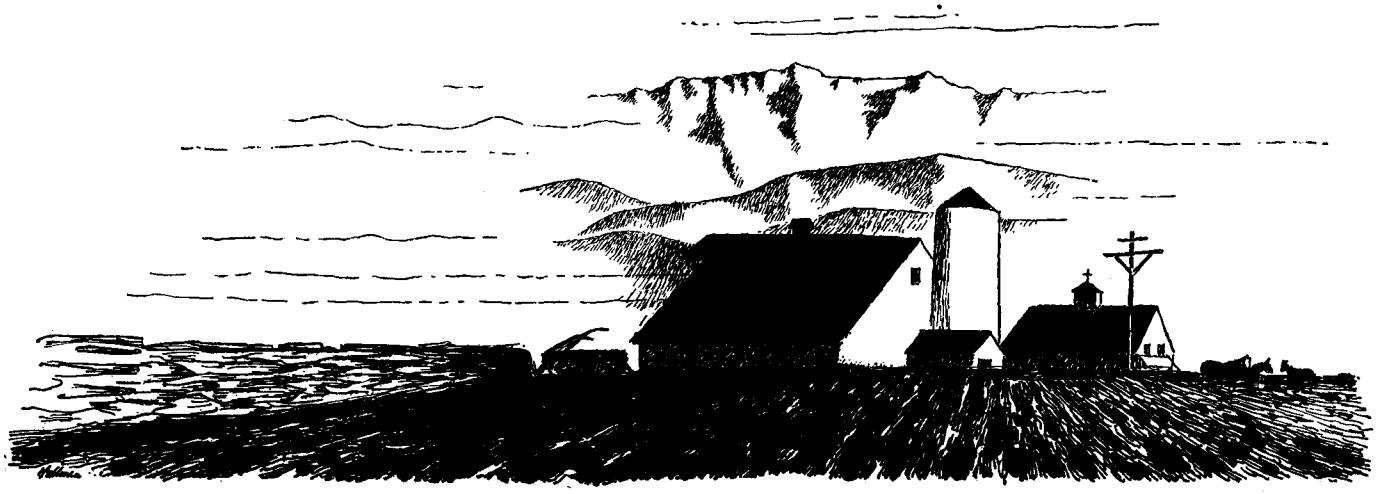
The second objection to the Cheese Amendment is the underlying philosophy that the government is obliged to keep in business, at the expense of everybody else, any company that chooses to engage in unprofitable production, and that the American economy has now reached such a degree of maturity, even of rigidity, that shifts from one field of enterprise to another must not be allowed unless they are government-sponsored.

The Senate hearings produced astounding evidence about this attitude. Throughout the hearings the only specific instance of domestic producers who suffer from foreign competition was the case of twenty-odd blue-cheese manufacturers concentrated in Minnesota and Wisconsin, who complained of being drowned in a sea of Danish imports. Yet when asked by Senator Blair Moody (D., Michigan) whether there was "any reason why the blue cheese manufacturer cannot shift to some other kind of cheese," Mr. Gaumnitz of the Cheese Institute replied, "No, he can shift." During the same hearings, the president of one of the principal companies making foreign-type cheese said that his firm had had to close down exactly one blue-cheese plant in Wisconsin with an attendant layoff of nineteen employees.

The broader economic argument of the cheese protectors was that cheese imports at the 1951 rate would bring down milk prices so much as to discourage production, and since milk production is essential to national security, there must be a limit on imports.

Senators waxed lyrical in their praise of milk as vital to our security. "If the security of the nation is threatened, as some of us believe it is," said Senator Aiken (R., Vermont), "then the most important thing we can do is to assure ourselves of an adequate supply of milk and milk products in the event that importations should be cut off completely by enemy action."

Nothing was proved as to the detrimental effect of cheese imports. Two of the country's three great farm organizations, the American Farm Bureau Federation and the National Farmers Union, went on record in favor of repeal, the latter agreeing with Senator Moody that the things that are wrong with dairying are much better looked for in our domestic agricultural setup than in the import field. The Department of Agriculture itself, as recently as February 15, in its bulletin "Dairy Situation" has said: "In all parts of the country, the opportunity for comparatively good earnings in nonfarm pursuits has been operating in recent years to limit milk production. In general farming sections of the nation the relatively large cash farm incomes of the past decades have resulted in farmers becoming less inclined to milk cows." Furthermore, says the Depart-



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ment, "... the supply of milk for manufactured dairy products ... will reach another record low in 1952."

Against these long-run tendencies, the attempt to relate cheese imports to the generally unfavorable dairy picture stands up poorly. In the first six months of 1951, when American cheese production was running at an annual rate just below 1.2 billion pounds, cheese imports stood at 55 million pounds, or less than five per cent of domestic production. Because of the Cheese Amendment, imports were cut down to a rate of 37 million pounds beginning in August, 1951. The reduction of 18 million pounds supposedly makes the difference between a healthy and a ruined dairy industry. When it is remembered that less than ten per cent of all milk produced annually in the United States goes into cheese production, the theory becomes even harder to believe.

There are other economic snags. Most of the imported cheeses do not compete with domestic types. Almost without exception they are higher-priced. Many of the foreign types are not made here at all. But since the amendment mentioned only "cheese," the Department of Agriculture slapped controls on all cheeses, though it must have known that reduced consumption of many of them would not add one iota of increased consumption of domestic cheeses.

International Repercussions

One might have expected—as the Administration apparently did—a tidy majority of Senators to vote for repeal of Section 104 on the basis of the international implications of such controls.

In an effort to avail itself of a specific waiver contained in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (G.A.T.T.) which we signed along with eighteen other nations in 1947, Section 104 declares import controls on cheese to be "necessary for the protection of the essential security interests and economy of the United States in the existing emergency in international relations. . . ." The identical wording in G.A.T.T. permits a member country to free itself of obligations under the agreement.

In August, 1947, after Section 104 was passed, the State Department's top economist, Willard Thorp, put in the record the protests of Canada, Italy, Denmark, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Switzerland, and France, and pleaded for repeal. Later that year at Geneva he managed to keep the G.A.T.T. nations from going on record in a vote of censure. The basis of his case must have been that Congress would surely repeal the amendment and meanwhile nothing must be done to goad it into taking a stiffer position.

The G.A.T.T. participants will not hold Mr. Thorp's wrong guess against him personally, but they will now feel free to bring the United States before the bar of G.A.T.T. at its fall session. The Dutch, to whom we made tariff concessions on cheese only last year, have already announced that they may abrogate their concessions to us. Italy has lodged a protest with the State Department in which it attacks U.S. policy both for the inconsistency between our preaching of free trade and our erection of fresh trade barriers, and for the folly of trying to pressure Europe into higher exports to the dollar countries while slamming the door in the face of some of the most promising exports.

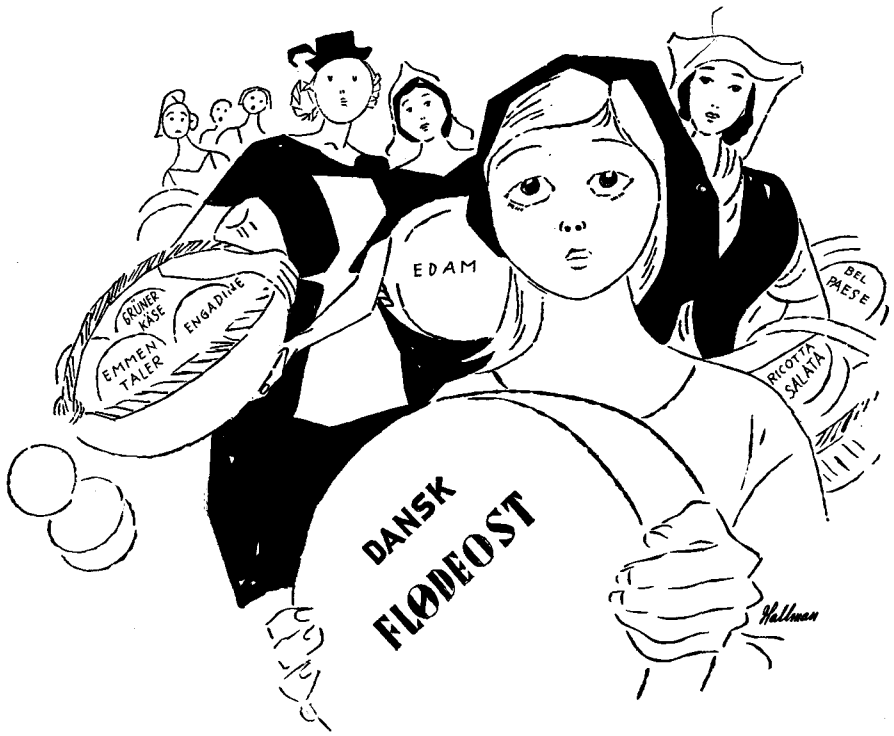
A country cannot buy what it cannot pay for. Therefore, either we reduce our exports because of curtailed imports or we finance the exports with foreign-aid dollars, as we have done in the past. Apparently the Senate would prefer to give our resources away than to be paid for them with imports.

The Hidden Damage

The damage done by the Cheese Amendment is threefold. Economically, we are keeping Europe from earning dollars. In so doing we have seriously misled a number of countries which, under our guidance, have invested funds and effort in export drives, and which are now wondering whether such ventures will be worth while in the future. It is difficult for us to realize what the Cheese Amendment has meant to countries like Italy and Denmark, which in 1950 derived ten per cent of their earned dollar income from cheese.

The second damage is psychological. We are forfeiting our role of leadership in the freeing of world trade, and when we admonish Europe to "integrate," to remove internal trade barriers and expose each nation to intra-European competition, the exchange value of our words has been sadly debased. Nations that we are maintaining financially are getting used to the fact that they have no right to call us to account for any of our actions.

Finally, there is the political damage. The Cheese Amendment offers just the sort of unfavorable propaganda that our enemies might have to invent if we did not voluntarily hand it to them. For years they have proclaimed that America's aim, through the Marshall Plan, was to conquer the markets of Europe while keeping its own tightly closed. Now they have proof.



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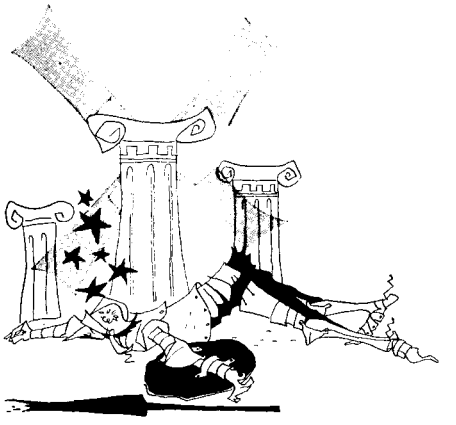
God and Buckley At Yale



DWIGHT MACDONALD

LAST OCTOBER, Yale celebrated its 250th anniversary. Various notables, including the Chancellor of Oxford and the Chairman of U.S. Steel, comported themselves on the campus with appropriate decorum. Not among those present was a brisk, brash, indecorous young man who, like the bad fairy not invited to the christening, cast a pall over the proceedings. His witchcraft was modern: a book, diabolically timed to coincide with Yale's anniversary.

It was an earnest, extreme, and irreverent book, a book that, in its mockery of authority, its impetuous logic, its relentless hewing to the line of Reason, letting the sacred cows fall where they might, followed the old familiar script: CAMPUS REBEL FLAYS FACULTY. But the script was all balled up, for the author was more reactionary than any of the dignitaries in their black robes, and his book damned Yale as a hotbed of atheism and collectivism.

The Swindle

As is by now widely known, the essential point of *God and Man at Yale,* by William Buckley, Jr., is that Yale "derives its moral and financial support from Christian individualists and then addresses itself to the task of persuading the sons of these supporters to be atheistic socialists." This swindle is perpetrated "under the protective label 'academic freedom.'" The author believes that the alumni of Yale, whom he assumes to be Christian free-enterprisers, have the right and indeed the duty to require the professors they employ to indoctrinate the students along those lines, and to fire forthwith any professor of irreligious or "collectivist"* tendency.

*(*Precise terminology is not a fetish with Buckley, who uses "collectivist," "socialist," "Statist," "liberal," and "New Deal" as roughly synonymous, observing they are all stages on the road to Communism. It must be said, however, despite a widespread impression to the contrary, that he does* not *use "Communism" as synonymous with the other terms, and that his book does* not *charge there are pro-Communists on the Yale undergraduate faculty, possibly because there aren't.)*

With the validity of Buckley's charges and theories I am not here primarily concerned, my purpose being rather to describe and comment on the book's reception, nationally and at Yale, as a political phenomenon of some interest.

God and Man at Yale sold 12,000 its first month, to date has sold 23,000, and is still selling about a thousand a month—a remarkable sale for a nonfiction work by an unknown author put out by a small publisher (Henry Regnery, Chicago) and dealing with no broader or livelier topic than the Yale curriculum. Apparently there is a big market today for anti-liberal polemics: Lait and Mortimer's guttersniping *U.S.A. Confidential* is currently a top nonfiction best-seller; and Senator MacCarthy's diatribe against General Marshall, put out by another small house, has sold 30,000 copies, At least the other explanations don't explain. It is not true that Buckley's rich father sent a copy to every Yale alumnus: he bought seventy-five, not 62,000 copies. "The only bulk order we have had of any size was for about 1,300 copies, which were mailed to university presidents by a man out West," states the publisher.

Nor, finally, can the book's success be attributed to the critics. Most of them found it "stimulating" and "provocative," as in fact it is, but the press reaction was generally hostile. There were exceptions, mostly predictable. The *Freeman,* the *American Mercury,* and *Barron's* praised the book, with reservations. The Brooklyn *Tablet* praised it unreservedly. So did the Chicago *Tribune,* which advised parents to read it to find out "why their sons come back from college with un-American ideas"; the Hearst columnist George Sokolsky ("If it could happen to the Hiss family, it could happen to yours"); the New York *Mirror* ("Professors have been on a rampage of radical exhibitionism. The remedy is to kick them out"); and the New York *Daily News,* whose editorial may be adequately summarized by its headline, PASTING THE CAMPUS PINKS, the point being driven home by a cartoon of unusual intricacy: a black sheep (clearly labeled ACADEMIC FREEDOM) with the shaggy head of Karl Marx (MARX) is followed by a herd of woolly white lambs (COLLEGE STUDENTS), the general idea being rendered incontrovertibly patent by a line from the "Whiffenpoof Song": "We're poor little sheep who have lost our way, Baa! Baa! Baa!"

The Bundy Rebuttal

Interestingly enough, three leading spokesmen for the neo-conservative tendency that has arisen among the younger intellectuals were hostile to

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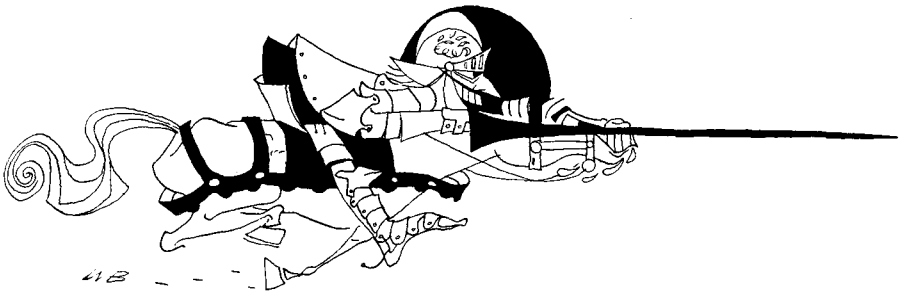
Buckley (who, strictly speaking, is a reactionary rather than a conservative): August Heckscher (Yale '36) in the New York *Herald Tribune,* Peter Viereck in the New York *Times,* and McGeorge Bundy ('40) in the *Atlantic.* This last was the lengthiest and most apoplectic denunciation that appeared. It was followed by a toe-to-toe slugging bout, in the "Dear sir, you cur" tradition, with Mr. Bundy snorting "fraud," "dishonesty," "this twisted and ignorant young man," and Mr. Buckley deploring "Mr. Bundy's intemperate performance . . . the dress of his frantic and unreasoning apologia . . . his appalling insincerity." Technically, it was a draw: Though Bundy seemed to have the weight of the argument on his side, his cumbersome style, reminiscent of the late Gunboat Smith, showed off poorly against Kid Buckley's fast footwork. The Gunboat also hit several blows below the belt, as in citing the false rumor about Buckley, Sr., sending copies to the alumni, and in charging Buckley, Jr., with chicanery in not stating in the book that he is a Catholic.

The last point is of interest. Buckley is indeed a Catholic, and an ardent one. But, oddly enough, this fact is irrelevant, since his book defines Christianity in Protestant terms, and his economics are Calvinist rather than Catholic. One of the wryest twists in the whole comedy is that the Catholic press has almost unanimously damned Buckley's economic views. "He quite unwittingly succeeds in contravening Catholic moral doctrine as applied to economics and politics on almost every topic he takes up," *America* editorialized, concluding, "Mr. Buckley's own social philosophy is almost as obnoxious to a well-instructed Catholic as the assaults on religion he rightly condemns." Father Higgins in the Boston *Pilot* rebuked "his attempt to identify the heresy of economic individualism with Catholic or Christian doctrine," and a Catholic news service stated: "His analysis is nineteenth century liberalism, which has been explicitly rejected by the Church and clearly identified by the social encyclicals of Leo XII and Pius XI as one of the principal causes of the development of modern socialism."

Although a number of reviewers agreed with Buckley's attacks on irreligious and/or collectivist teaching, very few went along with his proposal to



replace academic freedom with alumni control. Such friendly critics as Max Eastman and Felix Morley parted company there. Even Bruce Barton: "What could be more terrifying? Are these noisy perennial sophomores, who dress up in silly costumes and get drunk at reunions, to be the nation's mentors? They are good lads, but certainly not scholars." In fact, Buckley's assault on academic freedom seems to have stimulated a widespread defense reaction.

Campus Savonarola

"Bill's book," as the more tolerant at New Haven call it—the others call it "that book"—burst over the campus like a bomb, a delayed-action bomb whose ominous ticking had been heard long before it went off. "A brilliant boy named Buckley came to Yale in 1946," the Yale *Daily News* editorialized shortly after the explosion. "He came steeped in stifling orthodoxy, dogmatic, a child of the Middle Ages. . . . For four tempestuous years, he successfully battled education. Crouched behind walls of dogmatic preconceptions, blind and deaf but never dumb, he fired volley after volley from his crossbow into the roaring multitude." The battlement from which Bill sped his arrows was the loftiest on the campus: the chairmanship of the *News.* Almost no one agreed with him, but everybody read him. He was, and is, as skillful with the spoken as with the written word—he was on the team that defeated Oxford in a debate on socialism; Yale was agin' it.

In Buckley's senior year, the *News* gave a banquet for the university's retiring president, Charles Seymour. Chairman Buckley, having secured the attendance of the presidents of Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, M.I.T., and Penn, arose after dinner and, instead of the expected eulogistic pleasantries, gave President Seymour a fatherly lecture on his fainthearted support of Christianity and free enterprise. "The guests," understated the *Daily Princetonian,* "were shaken." Later that year, the college authorities, tolerant to the point of masochism, asked Buckley to give the undergraduate address on Alumni Day. He prepared an appropriate discourse picturing Yale as sinking into a godless, collectivist morass due to overindulgence in academic freedom. The authorities felt this was hardly the right note; President Seymour, an optimist of heroic scale, expressed himself as "deeply disappointed"; futile efforts were made to persuade the campus Savonarola to modify or, better, omit his strictures; finally Buckley offered to withdraw and, reluctantly, the long-suffering President Seymour agreed this might be best. The alumni were temporarily left in the dark.

Despite all this advance warning, Bill's book seems to have caught the Yale authorities flatfooted. They have reacted with all the grace and agility of an elephant cornered by a mouse. Instead of meeting the serious issues raised, they have fatally wavered between testy abuse and a lofty pretense that the book doesn't exist (while defending Yale against its charges).

Examples of the first are the *Yale Alumni Magazine's* bracketing of Buckley with a veteran crackpot critic of Yale named Gundelfinger and the circulation among the alumni of McGeorge Bundy's intemperate review. An instance of the second was the publication, on February 9 last, of the report of an alumni committee appointed to investigate "the intellectual and spiritual welfare of the university," which didn't mention Buckley and yet gave the impression it was answering him.

Its brief text confined itself to his three main points—irreligion, "collectivism," and academic freedom—but, except for the last, was either irrelevant (it denied Yale's teaching was "Communistic," but Buckley hadn't said it was) or vague ("religious life at Yale is deeper and richer than it has been in many years"). Despite the report's

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attempt to ignore Buckley, the press naturally tied it up with his book, which thus got a lot of free advertising on page 1. With singular forensic ineptness, the eight alumni dignitaries (whose average age was well over sixty) managed to combine all the disadvantages of both answering and not answering their twenty-seven-year-old gadfly.

Ideology and Practice

Yale's defense seems incompetent in its general line as well as in its tactics. Though many of Buckley's specific charges are exaggerated, distorted, or just not true, he is clearly right when he points out that Yale has changed a lot since the eighteenth century, and that its teaching and textbooks do not indoctrinate the students with a faith in either Christianity or free-market capitalism. All this means, of course, is that Yale is a large American university, that America in 1952 is not very religious or free-enterprising, and that Yale reflects the predominant culture of the nation it serves.

Instead of simply admitting this, the Yale authorities have behaved like Owen Lattimore and others who are attacked by Senator McCarthy and who now deny ever having been anything but simple bourgeois patriots. So Yale's reaction to Buckley's exaggerated charges is an equally exaggerated defense. It must be admitted that Buckley's medieval lance struck Yale officialdom in the most vulnerable joint in its armor: the gap between ideology and practice. Yale's official pronouncements, like those of most American universities, are far more pious and free-enterprising than its actual teaching is. This rudimentary fact of life Buckley is ruled enough to dwell on for 240 pages. Thus he quotes his favorite pin-cushion, President Emeritus Seymour—"I call on all members of the faculty . . . [to upbuild] the Christian religion as a vital part of university life" —and laboriously demonstrates that the call has been largely unheeded. Thus, too, the dignitaries who presided over Yale's 250th anniversary often sounded not unlike Buckley in their speeches. Lord Halifax, the Chancellor of Oxford, deplored "the slow attrition of [our] religion and cultural foundations," and Chairman Olds of U.S. Steel (who also signed the February 9 report stating that all was well at Yale) observed that "freedom of enterprise and freedom of education are the same thing" and noted "a growing popular belief that our universities are not adequately fulfilling the responsibility" of teaching this identity.

This showing up of the discrepancy between ideology and practice, which is practically all there is "to" Buckley's book, embarrassed the Yale authorities because they feared it might cause some alumni to stop giving money. Their administrative reflex was simply to deny everything. But they could have risked a more honest approach. Whether from sentimental loyalty to alma mater or from the bad conscience that nineteen years of New and Fair Deals have given the American business class, the alumni have not responded to Buckley's tocsin of revolt: "Alumni of Yale, unite! You have nothing to lose but your faculty!" True, there was Harry L. Bim ('06, Sheffield), who said (in part): "If this is the kind of Russian hogwash that is being taught our undergraduates it is high time to scrap the University, or at least delouse the faculty, and take a fresh start with the stink off."

This is the old Eli spirit, but one Bim doesn't make a revolution. No Alumni Committee to Save Yale has been formed; two direct-mail solicitations extracted only 1,000 orders for the book from 62,000 alumni; about fifty have written to Buckley, mostly approving, and about 125 to Yale, mostly disapproving or merely curious. Buckley himself has sternly rejected appeals of his class agent to kick in, but only five or six of his alumni brethren—according to the Yale authorities—have followed suit, and contributions in this years Alumni Fund drive are running ahead of last year's, which topped $1 million, an all-time record for any American university. If anything, Buckley's attack may well have provoked a defensive reflex in the alumni as unreasoning as the administrative reflex already noted. It is discouraging for a devotee of Reason and First Principles.

Nor does Buckley claim any sizable following among the undergraduates. They have discussed his book intensively—and critically. Richard Coulson ('52) notes in the *Yale Alumni Magazine* that "it is a greater topic of serious and casual conversation than any philosophical or educational question that has been debated in quite a few years. . . . In contrast to many of their elders, the majority has not been blinded with surprise or carried away with rage at either Buckley or the Corporation by his claim that individualism, religion, and capitalism are not being propounded strongly both in and out of the classroom. The undergraduate feels that this particular observation is correct . . ."

Precocious Old Age

William Buckley, Jr., comes from Sharon, Connecticut, where his family owns

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a big estate. His father is a wealthy oil man of pronounced illiberal views, with "interests" in Canada and Latin America; his mother is a devout Catholic—a landmark of the estate is her private chapel; he has three brothers, all Yale (and Bones) men like himself, and six sisters. After graduating from Millbrook School in 1943, he studied at the University of Mexico for six months, spent two years in the Army as a second lieutenant, and attended Yale from 1946 to 1950, where, besides studying, debating, campus-politicking, running the *News,* promoting religion, and baiting President Seymour, he found energy, of which he has enough, to teach Spanish.

The year after his graduation he also spent at Yale, teaching Spanish and working on his delayed-action bomb. Most of last fall he spent in Mexico trying to start an export-import business; the success of his book led him to abandon business for a career as a publicist. Several right-wing journals offered him jobs: he chose the *American Mercury,* of which he is now an editor, because it had the biggest circulation.

It was a characteristic choice: Bill Buckley combines opportunism and conviction in a sometimes bewildering way. He has the outward and visible signs of the campus radical, and the inward and spiritual qualities of the radical's wealthy grandfather. Earnest-eyed, grim-lipped, lanky and ascetic, he is passionate about first principles, articulate to an almost frightening degree, and would obviously rather argue than eat. He has the narrow, logical bigotry of youth (wherever did the notion originate that the young are more open-minded than the middle-aged?). "It stands to reason, if the word doesn't offend you . . ." he began a recent letter. He never went through a leftist phase, though he admits he wrote "some stupid things" in the *News*; in 1948, he even defended academic freedom ("before I'd really thought it through").

But these were youthful lapses. In his maturity, he damns "equalitarian tax laws," especially the progressive income tax, and believes it immoral for the government to hand out unemployment relief unless people are "actually starving," a situation he does not think obtained in 1930-1933. For him the great enemy is the centralized state: He is an anarchist, but of the Hoover, not the Bakunin variety.

Something happened to swivel round the guns of this rationalistic fortress to bear on liberal positions. What? We can only speculate. A Freudian might mutter "father fixation"; a Marxian might note it is "no accident" that a rich young man, married to a Canadian heiress, has such views. But then there are such modern instances as Michael Straight, Corliss Lamont, and Frederick Vanderbilt Field to confound these explanations. Perhaps it is simply that Bill Buckley is very argumentative and very ambitious. Since the New Deal there has arisen in academic and intellectual circles, where the best arguments take place, a new liberal orthodoxy, what Peter Viereck calls "the Babbittry of the Left," while of late years a countertendency, a reaction against liberalism, has gone far in the country as a whole. The line Buckley has taken permits him to enjoy the pleasures both of unorthodox rebellion (within Yale) and of conformity (outside Yale). Had he written *defending* academic freedom, for instance, the liberals would have agreed—and yawned—and the anti-liberals would have disagreed—and not bought his book.

This may seem a cynical explanation, but Bill Buckley is a realistic young man. A year ago he published an article in the *Freeman* that argued that "we must support McCarthy" despite his "manners" because his demagogic methods are the only effective ones in a mass democracy in which the "non-university crowd," ignorant and easily bamboozled, is dominant. The Senator's use of the Big Lie was justified because (a) Roosevelt and Truman lied too, and (b) it has been effective.

Presumably in line with this last thought, Buckley recently appeared on "The Author Meets the Critics" supporting the authors of *U.S.A. Confidential* in a stormy debate with James Wechsler, editor of the New York *Post,* and Virgilia Peterson. When a friend asked him how he could identify himself with that sort of gutter journalism, he replied: "I don't like the way the book is written any more than you do. But it's on *our* side. . . . And anyway, you've got to write that way to reach a big public."

Young Mr. Buckley is getting into low company. But so did the youthful ideologues of the 1930's—the Communists and the *Daily Worker* being about on the same moral and intellectual level as McCarthy and *U.S.A.-Confidential.* It is to be hoped that, as he grows up, he will become at once less fanatical and less "practical."

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Shame and Glory Of the Intellectuals

PETER VIERECK

The following notes are excerpted from the author's *Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals: Babbitt Jr. vs. The Rediscovery of Values,* to be published by the Beacon Press.

The *New Yorker*ization of Main Street

WHEN the late Harold Ross founded the *New Yorker* he defined its approach by announcing: "It will not be for the old lady in Dubuque." That was in 1925. An evidence of the intervening changes is that in 1952 the *New Yorker* has a batch of loyal subscribers in Dubuque.

Years of Helen Hokinson cartoons have shamed the "old lady in Dubuque" into being Babbitt Junior's streamlined mother before she is the sentimental Babbitt Senior's pioneer mother. In the 1950's the "old lady" reads the slick perfume and cuisine ads in the *New Yorker* with the same romantic *bovarysm* with which she read Sears, Roebuck ads in 1925. It is Gaylord Babbitt's favorite magazine just as much as the Chamber of Commerce bulletin was George Babbitt's favorite.

Mrs. Gaylord B. will now tell you: "I met the quaintest taxicab driver the other day; he was priceless; he said the most whimsical things." In other words, the *New Yorker* line has been taken over by the very people the magazine was originally created to satirize. Its humor and its literary standards (both of the highest) have not changed. But society has changed; the Philistine has changed his party line.

The *New Yorker* no longer provides titillations for a small circle of smoothies. It now means big business, big advertising, big circulation. This parallels the deadliest change in American and European culture as a whole: the substitution of technique for art; the substitution of the just-as-good for the real thing. What once resulted from the painful and inspired craftsmanship of an experimental and audacious individual is now mass-produced in painless, safe, and uninspired capsules.

The sensitive perceptions over which a Katherine Mansfield bled her heart out, the new stream of consciousness for which James Joyce wrestled with his angels, are today imitated by a dozen nimble mass-producers of the "*New Yorker*-type short story"—imitated with considerable technical skill: no pain, no risk, no inspiration. But how many modernist Babbitt Junior readers are bothered by the difference between such a good machine job and the individual product of heart's anguish?

Our country cousin has taken the hay wisp out of his hair and put the *New Yorker* under his arm. He arrives at the station with a well-worn copy of it, with check marks opposite its lists of the choicer exhibits at the Museum of Modern Art and the subtler revivals of foreign movies of the 1920's. He makes knowing inquiries, with just the right note of playful nostalgia, about the double-decker Fifth Avenue buses. Or Fort Tryon Park, way up there. Or that little—you know—that little Breton bistro near the El.

As a New Yorker by birth, who has lived most of his life right here in the Dubuquization of Manhattan, I am interested neither in whimsy, nor charm, nor art of living, nor in the onion soup served in the East Fifties, but am obsessively interested in the price of hogs in Iowa. I intend to talk of nothing else except the price of hogs to the next Iowan who arrives at Grand Central reading the *New Yorker* and who tells me in a voice of urbane banter, "I am a bittersweet observer of life's little ironies. Why have you no feeling for nuance?"

The 'Anti-Semitism' of the Liberals

Depressing thought: Every conformist group has its own equivalent of the scourge of anti-Semitism, a scourge inflicted on any minority it dare not understand for fear of having to think things through. Your "Jew" (your "slacker," your spoilsport, your inconvenient nonbooster) is whoever distracts you from your television set, or who asks you "why" instead of "how."

Catholic-baiting is the anti-Semitism of the liberals.

Paid on Both Sides

Bad anti-Communists—rabble rousers, jingoists, anti-intellectuals—have sometimes given a bad name to the good cause of anti-Communism. This bad name has partly contributed to the fellow-traveler or semi-fellow-traveler lies or self-deceptions that for twenty years disgraced American intellectuals. America's bad anti-Communists of the press bear part, though merely a part, of the blame for the Communist infiltrations in the academic and literary world and among government officials.

But of course all ultimate responsibility, being moral and personal, lies with the guilty individuals themselves. Here is an example of self-styled anti-Communists who are really nothing of the sort. Some Asia-First-And-Only interventionists of the 1950's were isolationists and America Firsters in the 1930's; they showed scant interest in stopping the Axis from enslaving the globe. Today they are more eager to send anti-Communist aid to our relatively undemocratic allies in Asia than to our relatively democratic allies in Europe. Quaintly enough, they suddenly become Europe Firsters when it comes to aiding Franco Spain instead of Britain or France.

Such a mentality in America may criticize Bolshevism violently. It may even claim, in its *hubris,* a monopoly on patriotism and anti-Bolshevism. Yet morally it is dangerously pro-Bolshevik. For anti-Bolshevism means opposing the second as well as the first half of "Communazism." Anti-Communist, being morally a synonym of anti-fascist, is not a negative word of hate and destruction. Despite the prefix "anti," it is a positive ideal.

So the following pattern of crisscross

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attacks and crisscross loyalties emerges for the freedom-loving intellectual:

1. For the sake of anti-fascism, he must first of all attack the soft-on-communism mentality (symbolized at times by the *Nation,* and in the past by the partly-infiltrated Institute of Pacific Relations). Why? Because that mentality increases the danger of fascism and reaction by giving liberal intellectuals an undeservedly bad name and by seeming to justify reactionary suspicions of them.

2. For the sake of anti-Communism, he must first of all attack the soft-on-fascism mentality of Right Wing isolationism and of profits-before-humanity (symbolized at times by the Chicago *Tribune*). Why? Because that mentality increases the dangers of Communism, neutralism, and fellow traveling by giving capitalist businessmen an undeservedly bad name and by seeming to justify Marxist accusations.

In effect, though rarely explicitly, freedom has been saved from both extremes only in those cultures where an ever-balancing maturity anticipates in time—and safely "steals"—the justified thunder of each extreme against the other.

The Restoration of Haloes

"The virtue of this article," I once heard said of an article loosely calling most intellectuals Reds, "is that it strips intellectuals of their haloes."

"The virtue of this book," I heard said of a best-seller calling academic freedom "a myth," "is that it reminds professors they are living on the businessman's wages."

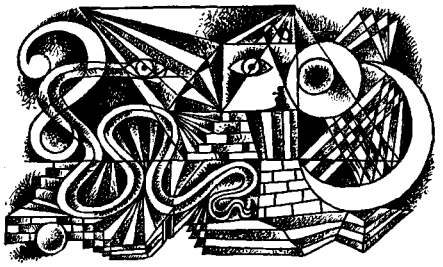
I don't care to see intellectuals stripped of their haloes, even those I most disagree with. This is not for the obvious subjective reason. It is, rather, because I don't care for Karl Marx. Therefore, I do not cherish attitudes like the above two quotations on "haloes" and "businessman's wages." For they seem to justify one of Marx's more unfair allegations:

"The bourgeoisie has robbed of their haloes various occupations hitherto regarded with awe and veneration. Doctor, lawyer, priest, poet, and scientist have become its wage-laborers."

Academic freedom is not "a myth." Intellectuals are indeed worthy of "awe and veneration." I wish more intellectuals would have the pride to stand up and assert and reassert, without apology, the glory of their function. They are "wage-laborers" not of bourgeois politicians nor of socialist politicians but of truth and conscience.

Even a totally wrongheaded intellectual still wears a disheveled kind of halo, in the same way that an unfrocked priest still has some kind of link with the apostolic succession. If I did not have so high a view of the intellectual's function, I would not bother being so distressed and angry about the literary fellow travelers. Their unforgivable sin: They, at least, should know better. Nobody expects some idiotic, intellectual-baiting backwoods reactionary to know any better. Therefore, morally you should feel just a bit less distressed or angry about the latter.

Here is the modern version of "the sin against the Holy Ghost": when an intellectual fails to remain *sérieux;* when he sullies the miracle of human



intelligence and the privilege of his educational advantages to become a highbrow demagogue, an intelligent charlatan like Ilya Ehrenburg, Dr. Goebbels, or the fellow-traveling Dean of Canterbury.

The job of intellect is not to serve big business or the N.A.M. The job of intellect is not to serve big labor or its trade unions. If anything (let's be arrogant about it) the job of business and the job of labor in America is to serve intellect—on the condition that intellect serves and ennobles the nation as a whole. Intellect serves and ennobles whenever it searches for more truth and more beauty, in its unpretentious, impractical, haloed kind of way.

My Quarrel With My Students

Into the campaign against tyranny of left and right, let us throw ourselves with the old ardor and aspiration—the old ardor that preceded the present pose of urbanity and noncommitment. The campaign must never be waged in a cynical spirit of McCarthyism and mere "politics," mere partisan self-interest. Its spirit must be the most scrupulous regard for truth and for the rights of the accused. It must recapture the enthusiasm and idealism of those anti-fascist campaigns of which most American intellectuals are proud veterans today.

My quarrel with some of today's representative students: their sluggish lack of passionate commitments. Any kind of commitments in any field. America's college generations alternate regularly between commitment and sophistication. Currently, the choice again is for sophistication. This is shown in their literary tastes and in their political indifference.

I feel an inadequacy in many of our younger artists, because they wear their heartlessness on their sleeves. I wish they dared commit themselves "embarrassingly" to the risk of attempting lyricism and ecstasy.

I feel an inadequacy in some of our college political groups because, though anti-Communist, they dare not commit themselves "embarrassingly" to an unashamed crusading spirit in regard to the great drama of Korea and the Mao-Stalin danger. An earlier college generation was not ashamed to crusade against the Hitler danger.

In reply, the modern collegian will point out the dangers, the blunders that resulted in the past from a gullible ardor in politics, in literature. Logically he is right. These dangers, these blunders I would not deny. Indeed, I myself inveigh against them elsewhere. But what of the subtler dangers—the debits and gray debilities—resulting from sophisticated noncommitment?

Look at all the ethical, literary, and political problems piling up in America. They are waiting to be faced. They are waiting for the new generation to feel personally mixed up with them before they can be solved. When will facing up to things replace superciliousness as the first *noblesse oblige?*

To be embarrassed in front of your friends, to make a fool of yourself by your own impetuosity or indignation or genuineness, is an even better social lubricant than good manners. Perpetual poise in front of others, when vital matters are discussed, is the worst, the ultimate offensiveness.

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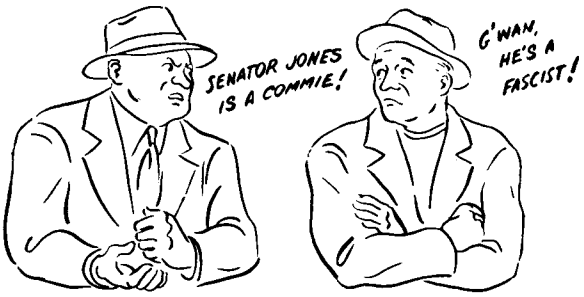

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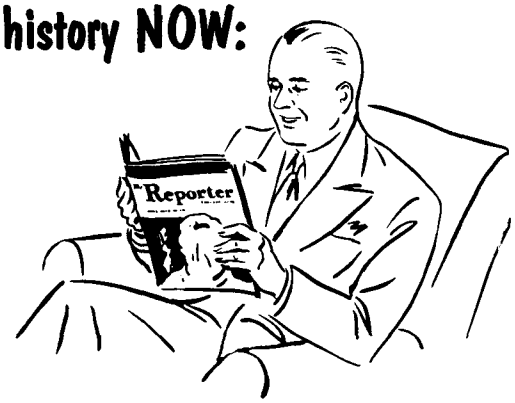

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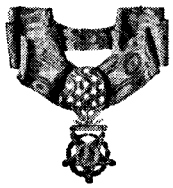
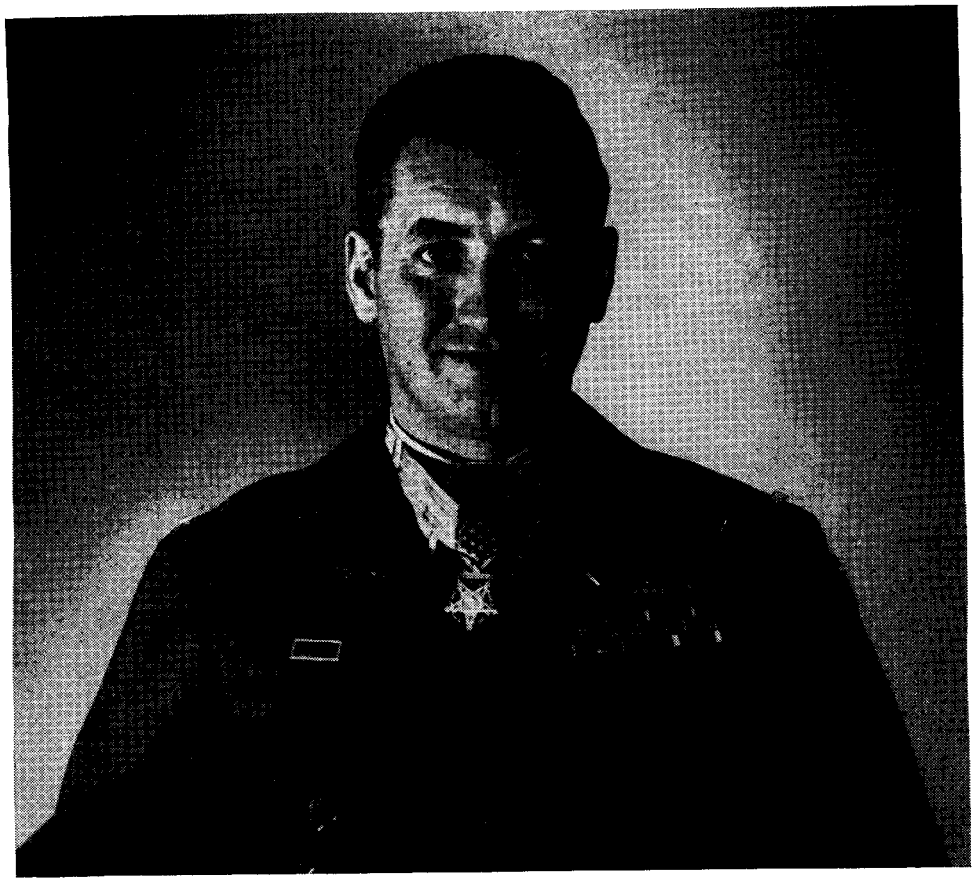
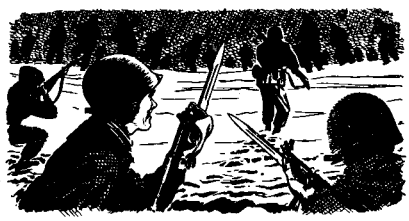
Lieutenant Stanley T. Adams Medal of Honor





ONE BITING-COLD FEBRUARY NIGHT, Lieutenant Adams was on a bitterly contested hill near Sesim-ni, Korea. Out of the dark earth the silhouettes of some 150 Communist troops rose up against the skyline. Ordering fixed bay-



onets, the lieutenant, with only 13 men, leaped up and charged furiously against the overwhelming odds. He was knocked down by a bullet. At least three hand grenades actually bounced off his body before exploding nearby. But when Adams and his squad were through, there were only 50 Communists left on the hill—and they were dead.

"Nobody likes to kill," says Stanley Adams. "Nobody likes war. But today the surest way to invite a war is to be weak. You and I know that twice in the last ten years Americans have let their guard down. And the Philippine and Korean graveyards are filled with men who paid the price for it.

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